AN IMPORTANT ARTICLE IN THIS NUMBER—"PLATTISM NOW A MORAL ISSUE."—[Page 183.]

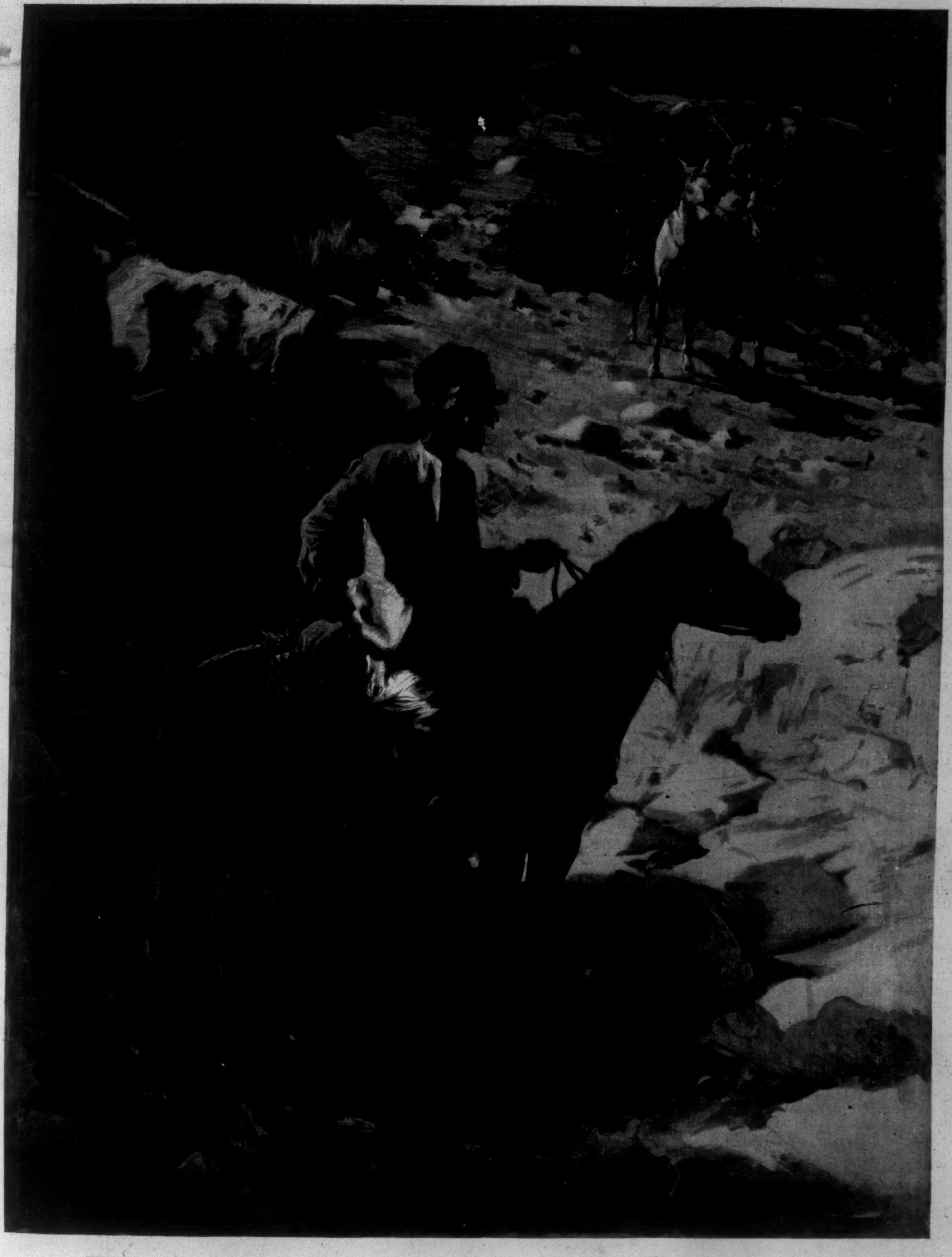
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XL.—No. 2044.

Copyright, 1896, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE TROUBLES IN ARMENIA—KURDS RECONNOITRING A MOUNTAIN PASS.—DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

CONTENTS, NO. 2044.

THE TROUBLES IN ARMENIA. Kurds Reconnoitring a Mountain-Pass Edwin Lord Weeks.
EDITORIALS.
THE CRAGSTON KENNELS. Illustrated. Jno. Gilmer Speed.
THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY. Ill'd. Henry Smith Williams.
AN AMERICAN GIRL. Poem. George Edgar Montgomery.
NO SALT WATER FOR NEW YORK. Barnet Phillips.
COPPÉE'S "FOR THE CROWN." Illustrated. E. I. Stevenson.
LIFE AND LETTERS. W. D. Howells.
THE GRAY MAN. Eighth Instalment. Serial Story. Ill'd. S. R. Crockett.
NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY. Illustrated. Melvil Dewey.
THE GENEALOGY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. L. E. Chittenden.
PLATTISM NOW A MORAL ISSUE. Franklin Matthews.
THE GREAT PANTOMIME NOW ON the Boards at the British Colonial Office. T. Nast.
AN ANCIENT HOUSE-BOAT. Illustrated. Charles Waldstein.
THIS BUSY WORLD. With Portrait. E. S. Martin and Others.
A FABLE FOR SIMPLETONS. B. Trapnell.
AMATEUR SPORT. Ponies and Pony-Breeding. Part I. Ill'd. Spencer Borden.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN THE SENATE.

NOTHING can be more painful to an American citizen proud of his country than the manner in which the attention of the world abroad is called to the degeneracy of our public men in high places by the treatment of foreign affairs in the Senate of the United States. The massacres in Armenia very justly aroused a feeling of horror and indignation throughout Christendom, and excited a widespread desire to protect and aid the unfortunate victims. Public expressions of sympathy and the organization of private effort to succor the sufferers were the natural outcome of this generous impulse. But there is a wide difference between what private citizens impelled by such emotions may permit themselves to say or do, and that which statesmen directing the affairs of a nation may say or do. The latter should not be governed by sentiment alone, however sincere that sentiment may be. It is their duty conscientiously to weigh considerations of possibility, of interest, and of consequences.

When Lord SALISBURY in a recent speech disclaimed any purpose on the part of the British government to intervene single-handed in behalf of the Armenians, he was charged with pusillanimity by many who remembered his former bellicose utterances. But his further remark that if Great Britain intervened it would have to do so either with the other European powers or against them, and that, if against them, armed intervention was likely to bring on bloodshed, devastation, and misery compared with which the Armenian massacres would appear like a trifle, unquestionably calls for the gravest reflection. The so-called Oriental question is known to be a heavily charged dynamite mine, liable to be exploded by any flying spark, and then to set aflame all Europe. Lord SALISBURY evidently is of the opinion that armed intervention in the Armenian difficulty would supply that spark—an opinion which certainly is entitled to respect; and in view of the dreadful consequences to be apprehended, he swallows the pride of the English Tory and humbly counsels caution. His political opponents in Parliament may attack him ever so severely for his apparent change of attitude, but not one of them would take the responsibility of actually intervening in Turkey without and against the powers.

In the face of a situation charged with such possibilities, our Senate, and, following its lead, the House of Representatives, pass resolutions vociferously chiding the great nations of Europe for not doing their duty to Armenia according to the Berlin Treaty, and prominent Senators proclaim that if *they* could determine the course of this government, American guns would soon send their shots "crashing through the Seraglio," and in short metre put an end to Turkish barbarism. And this raving bluster they indulge in knowing all the while that we have as little authority to hold the parties to the Berlin Treaty to their duty as the Berlin Treaty had to compel the admission of Utah as a State of this Union; that intervention in Armenia would be the most flagrant abandonment of our traditional policy, and would thrust us into the very storm-centre of Old World politics; that if those fighting Senators really controlled our government they would be absolutely unable to carry out their threats; and that their furious talk can only have the effect of embarrassing the efforts of our minister in Turkey in behalf of the American missionaries. Had a parcel of boys occupied the Senators' chairs playing at old-time Fourth-of-July oratory the performance could hardly have been more extravagant.

It may sound like the teaching of cold selfishness to say that, while we are indeed bound to protect the rights and interests of American citizens, in Armenia as well as elsewhere, with all the means pointed out by international law, it is not our calling to act as the moral police of the universe to the end of righting every wrong in every quarter of the globe. The assumption of such an office may be a glorious fancy; but we have reason to remember that before beginning with the outside world, we have glaring wrongs to set right among ourselves, that the best influence we can exercise is that of good example, and that interference with others may in many, if not most, cases bring on far greater and more general calamities than those we might seek to remedy.

Another instance of the puerile levity with which foreign affairs are treated in the Senate appears in the action of the Foreign Relations Committee of that body concerning the insurrection in Cuba. In rapid succession it reported two resolutions, one asking the President "to use the good offices of this government to the end that Spain shall be requested to accord to the armies with which it is engaged in war the rights of belligerents," and then another, as a substitute, declaring "that in the opinion of Congress a condition of public war exists between the government of Spain and the government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers," etc. What authority has that Senate committee for affirming as a matter of fact that there is war going on between the government of Spain on one side and "the people of Cuba" on the other? Do we not know that a large part of the "people of Cuba" is on the side of the Spanish government? Has the "government maintained by the people of Cuba" any organization that may be called complete, any defined territorial possession, any port, any naval force that would bring it in contact with the outside world? May it not be said that it has hardly a local habitation and a name? Is it such that we may recognize it as a belligerent according to the principles we maintained as to the British recognition of Southern belligerency at the beginning of our civil war?

And who is to be practically benefited by this recognition of belligerency in Cuba? Certainly not the United States; for that recognition, far from facilitating our commercial intercourse with the island, will only subject our merchant vessels to interference by Spanish war-ships incident to a state of war, and it will largely release Spain of responsibility for the destruction of American property in the course of the Cuban troubles. Will it benefit the Cuban insurgents? It may flatter their self-esteem and for a moment raise their courage. But practically it will render it far more difficult to their outside friends or agents to convey to them material aid, such as re-enforcements in men, arms, and supplies. And as to Spain, it will be considered an affront to Spanish pride, without doing to Spanish power any injury in its efforts to subdue the Cuban insurrection. Of course we all wish that the conflict in Cuba should be carried on in a humane manner, and soon be ended in a way beneficial to the cause of justice and good government in that country. But who believes that this end can be promoted by such thoughtless "talk to the galleries" in our Senate? Not even the spouters themselves.

It is a fact deeply humiliating to American pride that the utterances on foreign affairs of our so-called statesmen in representative place are not taken seriously by the world abroad. But where would be the end of our perplexities if they were?

THE BOND SALE.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has been greatly successful in procuring bids for $100,000,000 of four per cent. bonds. Whatever may have been the causes of the manifest eagerness to invest money in government bonds, the important and significant fact is that the people of the United States, on a call for a loan of $100,000,000, offered the government nearly $600,000,000. We do not like to attribute this result to any single cause. It is due to many causes, but, chiefly, the success of the effort means that the people of this country who have money to loan have confidence in the immediate future of the country. It does not cost much to have a general confidence in the country, a belief that in the end things will come out about right. Few investments are made on such a hope as that. But when a capitalist buys bonds that are subject to legislative attack he affirms his belief that the attack will not be made. It is evident that the banks and bankers who made the bids that were so satisfactory to the President and Mr. CARLISLE do not fear that our currency system is in danger of being made worse than it is by the adoption of a free-coinage silver policy. And the evidence is growing stronger every day—it is even to be found in the vote of the Senators on the free-coinage substitute for the House bond bill—that, outside of the mining States that have sent to Washington sixteen agents of their camps, the sentiment for free silver is growing weaker every day.

There was nothing like this public sentiment a year ago, when the Treasury sold its bonds to the syndicate. On the contrary, our own people were so fearful of coming silver legislation that they were rivalling the exporters in withdrawing gold. The difference was that while the exporters were taking gold from the Treasury for the purpose of making money out of the fluctuations of exchange, our own people were withdrawing it for the purpose of hiding it away, of hoarding it against the anticipated evil day. Now they bring forth their hoards and offer them to the government for a lower rate of interest than that which the syndicate demanded last year and asked for this year.

It is a profitless task to inquire into the significance of this transaction as it bears upon the transaction with the syndicate. Conditions were decidedly different a year ago, and the contract which the syndicate made imposed upon it costly obligations which were fulfilled, with the result of preventing the exportation of gold during the spring and summer of 1895. Congress might then have saved the Treasury from making the hard bargain that was forced upon it, but Congress refused to do its duty. The day of private contracts is over, let us trust. Certainly for many years to come no Secretary of the Treasury will sell bonds in any other way than in the open market. The tendency of private sales is assuredly to benefit the person who deals with the government, and this is indicated by the offer of the syndicate to take the new bonds at private sale at a little more than 104, while it bid more than 110½ when it was forced to compete for the securities.

Although it is true that our own people, individually and through their bankers, are ready to lend the government abundant money at a favorable rate, and that they have reasonable faith that their money will be returned to them in gold or its equivalent, this bond transaction does not furnish an occasion for manifestations of pride or for boasting. It is not a just cause of self-gratulation that the country must borrow money at all, or that, when it does borrow, it must pay a higher rate of interest than is paid by the British government or by the city of New York, not to speak of other governments that borrow for less than three per cent. The country is still compelled to pay a little for the possibility that Congress may interfere disastrously with the currency, and Congress refuses to do anything to remove the doubt. It did nothing when a Democratic majority controlled Congress, and it promises to do nothing now that a Republican majority controls the House of Representatives. The Treasury has been compelled to borrow money because of the existence of demand obligations, created by Congress, that are used to take the gold out of the Treasury. It is compelled to borrow by the issue of four per cent. bonds, because Congress refuses to authorize the issue of new bonds bearing a low rate of interest and having a short time to run.

There has been no change in our currency system. The time has not gone by when it would save money to the government if Congress would declare that all its obligations were payable in gold. But Congress refuses to do this, and the people have faith that gold will be paid only because they believe that Congress will not dare do otherwise. It is true that the revenues are increasing, and that the government may be able to retain the greenbacks it is receiving, and thus prevent their employment for the purpose of exhausting the gold reserve. But Congress has not shown any inclination to abolish the greenbacks, and to place the Treasury beyond the fear of exhaustion through the operation of the "endless chain." We still have nine kinds of currency of varying intrinsic values, and we have no banking system that is adequate to the demands of business, or that can respond to the rising and falling tides of trade.

The only safeguard of the Treasury is in the rising revenue. This may be made of no avail either through extravagant appropriations, or by a return to the MCKINLEY scheme of protection under which revenues will fall off as they fell off once before. The Treasury has been relieved at enormous expense, and Congress refuses to take any action that will enable the government to meet like emergencies with less difficulty and at smaller cost. We meet deficient revenues and overcome the assaults of the greenbacks because as yet we have not been refused a loan. It is almost forgotten that less than two years ago we came within an ace of re-

fusal. But now we have credit. It is not so good as the credit we once enjoyed. It is not so good as the credit of New York with all its misgovernment, and with the shadow of CROKER hanging over it. That our present condition is no better and that our future is not assured is wholly due to Congress.

WASHINGTON'S LEGACY TO GREAT BRITAIN.

IT is encouraging, in the best interests of humanity and true statesmanship, to know that the memory of GEORGE WASHINGTON, while first of all the heritage of the nation which he did so much to found, is year by year obtaining a wider recognition than the gratitude of any one nation, however great, could give it. There are but few names in the long catalogue of humanity's greater sons to whom it has happened to attain a posthumous reputation which has continued to grow greater and extend more widely for a century, and it should be no small pride, as it ought to be no trifling benefit to this country, that it possesses one such name in that of its first President. Nor need the pride be in any degree lessened, while the benefit may be increased, by the consideration that character lies at the root of the fame of WASHINGTON. It was owing to his personal character that WASHINGTON became the representative of our great Revolutionary struggle, and it has been his singular good fortune that all the benefits to freedom, good government, and the self-respect of freemen which have sprung from that Revolution are to-day represented by his honored name. The purity and singleness of his aims, the disinterestedness and public spirit of his career, and the dignity and loftiness of his personal character have become worthily associated in men's minds with the success of his efforts.

It would probably have surprised WASHINGTON could he have foreseen that the nation which next to his own would reap the greatest benefits from his exertions would be that very mother-country that he successfully opposed in arms in the defence of freedom. It is possible that he would have been still more surprised to find that within less than a century his name would be held in scarcely less honor and reverence in that nation and among its descendants than among his own people. Yet within so short a time both of these unlikely things have happened. And the reason of this change of sentiment is an easy one to trace. It is no hard task to show that the empire of Great Britain exists principally owing to the disruption of her great colonies a little more than a century ago. It is easy, indeed, to show that the very existence of her great southern colonies is the direct and immediate consequence of that disruption, and that it has been the impetus given by their success which has led to the further extension of her colonizing policy elsewhere. Colonies may be a cause of weakness rather than strength to any nation. They have proved themselves to be so to-day to more than one European nation in varying degrees; but to Britain they have thus far been a source of strength.

All that England has in her great colonies she owes to WASHINGTON and his compatriots, whom she branded as rebels and traitors a short hundred and twenty years ago. To their action she owes not merely the foundation of her wide colonial empire, but also the great lesson of her national life, which alone made the permanency of such an empire possible—the lesson that the sons of freemen must be recognized as being in all respects as free as their fathers. The refusal to admit this right cost her her great American colonies one hundred and twenty years ago. The lesson was a bitter one, but she learned it thoroughly, and she has never since then repeated the error. Her later colonies may well regard her with affection, for to them she has been a nursing and protecting mother, ready to support them in their infancy, and to grant them self-government whenever they have demanded it.

A BILL TO PREVENT UNJUST TAXATION.

THE "LOUD bill," which is on the calendar of the House of Representatives at Washington, is a measure for the prevention of certain existing abuses of the postal laws. These abuses are the growth of years, and the slow consequences of decisions of the Federal authorities. They are not all frauds upon the government, but they are a burden on the tax-payers of the country and a distortion of the law relating to second-class mail matter.

It has for many years been the policy of the government to carry newspapers and other periodicals at a very low rate of postage. The "LOUD bill" does not propose to change the policy of the government in this respect. Periodicals are still to be carried to their subscribers and to news agents for one cent a pound. But the law as interpreted by Postmasters-General and at least one Attorney-General has been so unduly extended that a host of material not periodicals within the original intent of the act of Congress has been entered as second-class matter. The people have been taxed not only for the carriage of periodicals, but for the carriage of miscellaneous advertisements, the beneficiaries simply issuing their appeals for trade at regular intervals from a stated office.

The mail matter coming under the other classes, with one exception, pays the government a profit on the cost of its transmission. The exception is third-class matter—books, pamphlets, etc.—and the postage on this class just covers the cost of transmission. The carriage of fourth-class matter pays double its cost, while that of first-class matter—letters, etc.—pays four times its cost. The cost of carrying second-class matter, however, is eight cents a pound, and the postage is one cent a pound.

The enormity of this tax is set forth in the report accompanying Mr. LOUD'S bill. In 1888 the Post-office Department carried 143,000,000 pounds of second-class matter. In 1893 the amount had increased to 256,000,000 pounds, and in 1895 to 265,000,000 pounds. In 1894 the government paid for carriage of second-class matter $20,383,200, and received in postage for the same matter $2,547,900. Here was a loss of $17,835,300. In 1895 the government loss on this class of matter was $18,572,000.

The passage of the bill may increase the cost of conducting the publishing business, but in common justice to the people and the government this bill should become a law. The publishers of the country do not want taxes imposed for their benefit, and most of the deficiency is caused by the use of the mails for the transmission of papers, circulars, magazines, and other products of the printing-press that are merely advertisements of private enterprises. The publishers and readers of true periodicals are interested in excluding from second-class matter all that does not come within the clear purpose of the original law. If the law shall continue as at present, the time will come when the government will be obliged to withdraw privileges that are not for the benefit of publishers, but for the people, through the facilitation of the dissemination of periodical literature.

THE REVOLT AGAINST PLATT.

EVERY American who loves his country more than his party, and who understands and appreciates the strong lodgement which has been made in this country by machine politics and politicians, to the detriment of our institutions, will say "God-speed" to Mr. EDWARD MITCHELL, Mr. CORNELIUS N. BLISS, and their Republican associates, in their efforts to destroy the power of PLATT.

The best men among the Republicans have been a long time in coming to a sense of their duty as to PLATT. He has been as deep a disgrace to their party as CROKER or HILL or MURPHY or SHEEHAN has been to the Democratic party. Indeed, it may be truly said that he has been the Republican equivalent of all the Democratic bosses, for he has stood alone in his party, the acknowledged leader in bad politics, easily chief of the Republican allies of Tammany Hall. He shares with CROKER the evil fame for misgovernment in New York city, and with HILL, MURPHY, and SHEEHAN the responsibility for vicious administration and legislation at Albany.

The submission of Republicans like the men who are heading the new revolt to the odious rule of PLATT has long been a cause of wonder and concern. It is evident that so long as they do permit PLATT to represent them, to trade with Tammany Hall on their names and reputations, and with their political principles, nothing good is to be expected of the Republican party in this State or city. If a Republican Governor is elected, PLATT compels him to use the office for the profit of the PLATT "boys." If a Republican Legislature is chosen, PLATT secures the enactment of such legislation as will advance the interests of the spoilsmen. If a Republican Mayor of New York of the "straight-ticket" kind should be elected, the city might better be frankly and undisguisedly under the immediate control of RICHARD CROKER or JOHN C. SHEEHAN.

While the Republican leaders who do not approve of PLATT were not only hesitating, but submitting to him, a number of Democrats, under the leadership of Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, were showing them the path in which they ought to have been walking. These Democrats revolted against the corrupt machine that controlled their party. They had little, if any, more cause to oppose HILL than decent Republicans have to revolt against PLATT. But they preferred their country and its best interests to party regularity and to their own political advancement. They organized the Syracuse Convention and defeated HILL'S intrigue for the Presidential nomination. They organized the State Democracy and defeated HILL'S candidate for a judgeship of the Court of Appeals, and HILL himself when he was a candidate for Governor. They have apparently made it impossible for the corrupt Democratic machine to carry the State.

The Republican party under bad leadership is no more entitled to the loyal support of good men than is the Democratic party. If Mr. FAIRCHILD and his associates only did their duty when they revolted against HILL and his associates, then it is the duty of Mr. MITCHELL, Mr. BLISS, and all other decent Republicans to revolt against PLATT. If they do revolt, there will be some hope for the "boss"-ridden Empire State.

THE EPIDEMIC OF VIOLENT CRIME.

UNITED STATES District Judge IRA C. PARKER, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, whose jurisdiction extends over the turbulent region of the Indian Territory, has recently called attention in several striking utterances to the prevalence of crimes of violence in this country, and especially to the increase in the crime of murder. He asserts that in the past year in the United States the number of homicides was not less than 10,500, that there have been 43,902 homicides in the past five years, and in the same period there have been 727 legal executions and 1118 lynchings. His explanation of this awful record of violence is that it is chiefly due to the immunity extended to murder by the courts, and especially to the obstruction of justice in murder cases by the appellate courts. While the figures given by Judge PARKER sound incredible, they relate to a subject to which he has for years given special attention. His assertion that homicides are on the increase is borne out by the concurrent testimony from nearly all parts of the country as to the increase of other forms of violence.

In every great city the "Murderers' Row" is a grewsome feature of the jail. The prevalence of lynching has been such as to call forth protest abroad as well as here. Violent assaults are a painfully prominent feature in the daily news record of all our cities, not merely in the cities themselves, but in the suburban territory. The statistics of felonious but non-homicidal assaults would show that we are suffering from an epidemic of this form of crime.

While the explanation offered by Judge PARKER may account in part for this, it cannot be the only or even the chief cause. There are many other causes lying further back in the questions of race heredity and education which must be taken into account. There is also one contributing cause which we are especially charged to take into account, because it is in our power to remove it. This is the connection between politics and crime.

The criminal classes are the first and the natural allies of the political corruptionists, and the natural price of their support is immunity for their offences. Such an alliance is easy because it is in the order of nature, as both parties to it have a common object, and accordingly have the best guarantee of fidelity to their unholy compact. The investigation made by the LEXOW committee showed the conditions of police management in New York city under Tammany rule, but the conditions in New York were not a bit worse than they have been in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, and New Orleans. The alliance between the manipulators of politics and the professional criminals is a feature of life in every large city.

There is no theory about this alliance being a permanent and potent cause of the violent crimes which disgrace our civilization. It is a matter of convincing and continuous evidence, such as was furnished by the concerted and unprecedented effort lately put forth in the State of New York to save from death the political murderer "Bat" SHEA, of Troy.

With such object-lessons before our eyes we can lay our finger on the primal and central cause of the epidemic of crime. Wherever the machine controls politics and the boss is paramount, the fecund potentialities of brutal violence are seething and working with full energy. Wherever the cause of political reform in any shape is defeated or thwarted, the cause of crime is promoted. The "practical" politicians who sneer at reform are, consciously or unconsciously, working in the cause of the gentry whose misdeeds have called out the utterances of Judge PARKER, and on whom Judge PARKER has so frequently been compelled to pronounce the extreme penalty of the law.

THE MODEST NATION.

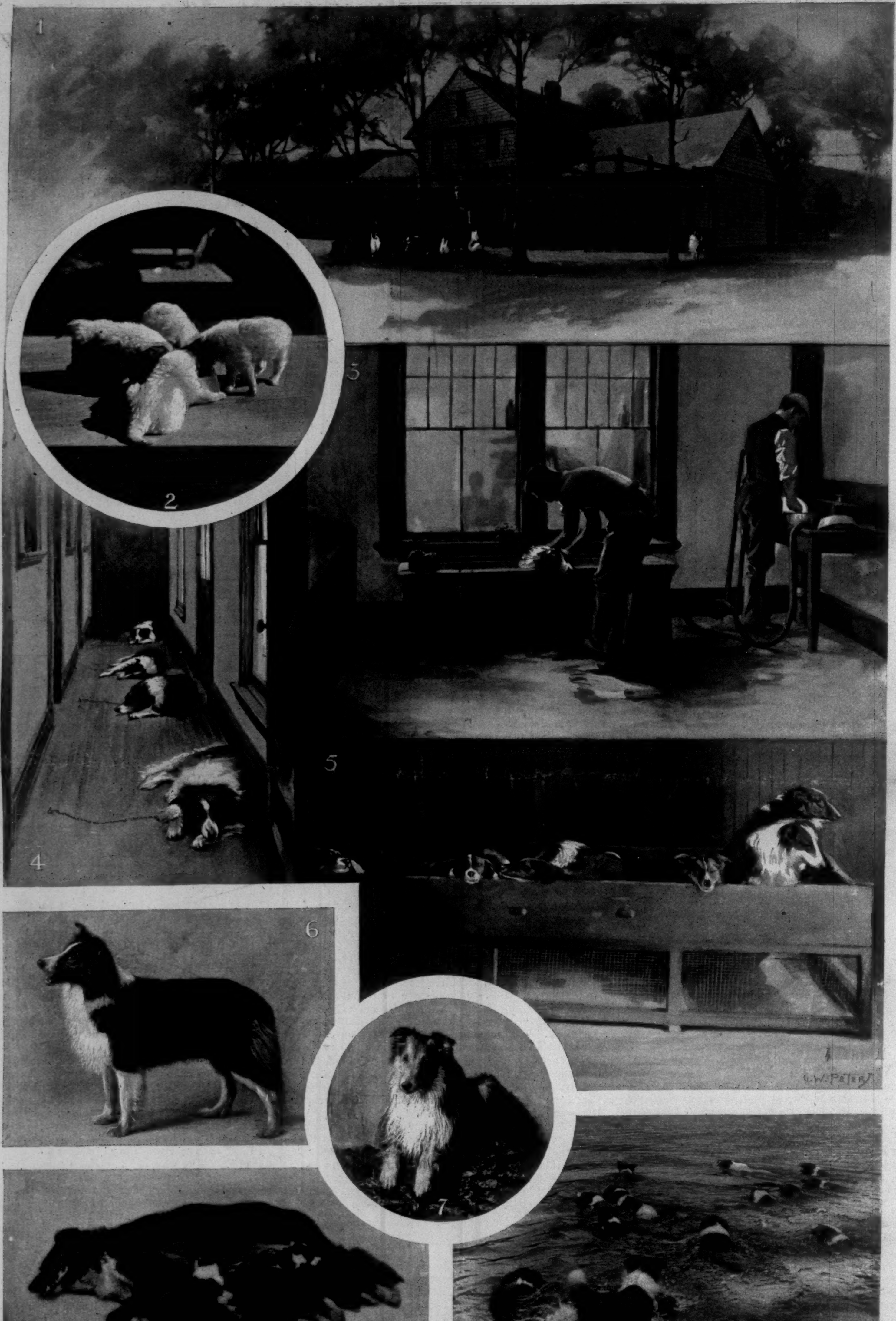
THAT ample library of extant books setting forth the impressions and opinions of foreigners about the United States evidently fails to satisfy the popular desire among our people for a knowledge of themselves. The eagerness displayed in this direction is quite as keen nowadays as it was in the days of Mrs. TROLLOPE and of CHARLES DICKENS, and he must be an undistinguished foreigner indeed who can reach his hotel from the steamer pier without being compelled to describe his impressions of the country for publication in the daily papers.

Under no circumstances is any perception of the humorous possibilities of the performance allowed to interfere with this solemn duty. The most copious of these recent successors to TOCQUEVILLE and BRYCE is the capable and competent YVETTE GUILBERT—an undoubted authority on great national and sociological questions. Madame BERNHARDT has been interviewed as persistently as if she had never starred in the country before. Less extended but more satisfactory is the judgment of Madame DUSE, who says that she does not like this country.

This desire to know what foreigners think of us should dispose of the accusation that the Americans are a boastful or a vainglorious race. It shows an unusual, a striking, a remarkable modesty of character. Indeed, it represents the trait of modesty pushed so far that it might be well to suggest that it has gone too far, and that we might very profitably encourage the cultivation of that self-satisfaction which is a trait in European countries.

No Frenchman ever wants to know what an American thinks of France, or what any foreigner thinks. He does not care about the impressions or opinions of foreigners as such, and would regard an attempt to offer them as inexcusable impertinence. The most distinguished Americans are allowed to land and travel in England or Germany without any indication that the inhabitants are thirsting for information as to the impression they make on the tourist from abroad.

The European's point of view is that the position of his country is so well assured as to be beyond the reach of either praise or criticism from the foreigner, and this position seems to be more patriotic and more dignified than ours. Admitting that this is "a young country," it is old enough to have achieved something; it has unquestionably achieved as much as any of the nations whose admiration we covet, and the time would seem to be ripe for a little self-assertion on our part. It need go no further than a repudiation of that confession of inferiority involved in our attaching importance or value to the trivial or superficial estimates made of us by our visitors from other countries.



THE CRAGSTON KENNELS.—[See Page 175.]

1. The Kennels. 2. At Dinner. 3. The Weekly Bath. 4. Ready for the Dog Show. 5. Good-Morning. 6. Sefton Hero. 7. Rufford Ormonde. 8. Champion Jocky Dean and Nine Puppies. 9. A Swim in the Hudson.

WILHELM CONRAD RÖNTGEN.

FROG PHOTOGRAPHED BY M. PERRIN, L'ÉCOLE NORMALE, PARIS.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

As a rule, purely scientific discoveries have little interest for the general public, but the recently developed process of so-called kathode-ray or X-ray photography furnishes a striking exception. There is something distinctly weird, and proportionately fascinating, about a process that enables you in effect to look into your own body and see the skeleton there while the living flesh still encloses it; and the fact that such opaque substances as boards, ebonite, and metals do not shield an object from the force that makes the picture, while thin glass shuts it off almost altogether, contrasts so paradoxically with our ordinary conceptions as to add to the charm. All in all, the new process seems mysterious and wonderful enough, and for the moment it easily takes rank as the current marvel.

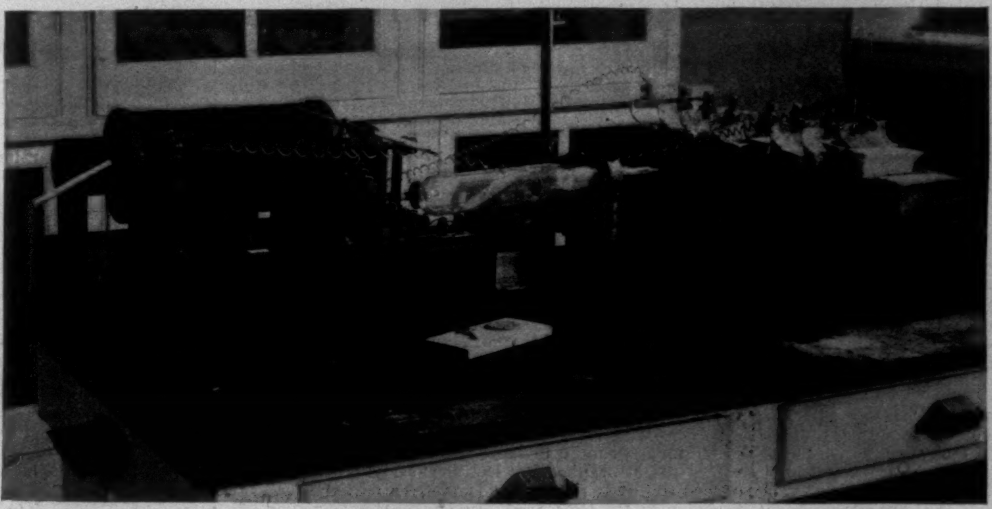
When the process is no longer new it will of course cease to seem wonderful, for intrinsically it is no more surprising that some ethereal vibrations can penetrate wood and iron than that others can penetrate glass. But aside from its novelty, the process has elements of utility, and these will make it of abiding interest long after it has ceased to seem mysterious. As much as that may be said of it at its present stage of development without fear of contradiction. For the process has already passed beyond the domain of theory; or rather, to speak more exactly, it has not yet reached the domain of theory, being thus far constituted of observed facts which theory does not fully explain.

These facts of the new photography are not in themselves at all difficult to comprehend. To understand them you have only to know that while the new picture is a photograph made on an ordinary gelatine plate, such as any photographer uses, it is not made by reflected rays, as in the ordinary process, but by vibrations that penetrate the object to be photographed, and in effect cast its shadow on the plate, somewhat as the stereopticon casts the shadow of a translucent picture or object on a screen. The new photograph is, in short, the fixed shadow of an object the entire substance of which is more or less permeable to the vibrations that cast the shadow. The negative secured is in any given case comparable to a print that might be secured by placing a translucent object on a piece of sensitized paper and exposing it to ordinary sunlight. But the radical distinction exists that the new process takes no note of translucency in the ordinary sense, but gives you the imprint of coins within a leather purse, of bones within the flesh, and so on indefinitely.

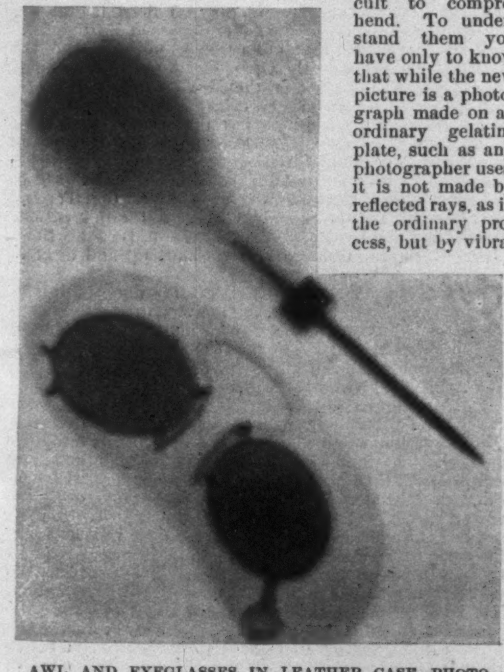
Just what may be the nature of the vibrations that produce this striking result is the question that is mystifying the physicists. It is an influence that emanates from a glass vacuum bulb, through which a strong current of electricity from an induction coil is passed, but whether in itself it is properly to be classed as a form of electricity or heat or light, or as a new form of energy hitherto unrecognized, no one yet knows. It is produced apparently by the peculiar vibrations known as kathode rays, that radiate from the negative electrode, or kathode, in the vacuum bulb just mentioned; but whether the actinic rays themselves are identical with these kathode rays, or are only stimulated by them, is a question still at issue. Pending its decision it has been suggested to call the photographic rays "X" rays—the X having of course merely an interrogative significance—and this is a convenient suggestion that will probably be generally adopted.

The tube or bulb of glass from which these mysterious rays emanate contains air at a very high degree of exhaustion, though not of the highest practicable, as, curiously enough, the kathode rays, while only appearing in a partial vacuum, cannot be induced in a perfect vacuum. Contrary to what one might expect, the bulb that produces kathode and X rays is only faintly luminous, glowing with a greenish phosphorescent light. The photographic effects produced are therefore not in any sense due to the forcing of a bright light through opaque tissues. Whether or not the X rays are rays of light, they certainly are not luminous rays. Neither are they appreciable to any other of our senses. Their existence at the present time is demonstrated solely by their power to excite phosphorescence in certain substances, and chemical activity in the photographic film.

All over the world physicists are experimenting in the attempt to determine the real nature of these mysterious X rays. Are they merely non-luminous ultra-violet rays of light? Their photographic property, among other things, suggests this. But, on the other hand, the rays have certain properties, aside from their capacity for penetrating opaque matter, that make their identity in kind with the vibrations of visible light seem doubtful. For example, it has not thus far been demonstrated that the rays can be either reflected or refracted. Professor Wright, of Yale, has made careful experiments as to this, thus far with altogether negative results. According to his experiments, the rays seem to go straight on their way, neither reflected nor deflected by any object whatsoever, but penetrating directly into the substance of whatever opposes them, until their force is exhausted. Professor Wright is preparing to make more elaborate researches in the same line, and Professor Trowbridge, of Harvard, is utilizing wooden lenses to the same end. What their experiments and those of other physicists will prove in the end is altogether conjectural. It may be that the rays will be proved identical in kind with vibrations of light, heat, or electricity already familiarly known. It may be, on the other hand, that they will rank as specifically distinct—a new form of energy—in which case, according to Professor Wright, their discovery will rank as one of the most important discoveries in the entire history of physical science. But meantime, while the physicists are solving their alluring problem, practical workers who care but little as to the nature of the force at command will be eagerly experimenting with the rays to learn how far their photographic properties may be made available in metallurgy, in surgery, in biology, in a multitude of fields. The processes of the new photography are very simple. It is only necessary to place an unopened plate-holder containing an ordinary "instantaneous" plate near a vacuum bulb (that known as Crookes' tube being the usual form) fed by an induction coil, as already described, letting the object to be photographed intervene. If the glass of the bulb be sufficiently thin, and the current sufficiently strong, a shadow of the object will be cast on the plate through the opaque plate-holder. For that matter, the bulb may be covered with opaque wrappings, and



APPARATUS EMPLOYED IN PHOTOGRAPHING BY MEANS OF X RAYS IN THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.



AWL, AND EYEGLASSES IN LEATHER CASE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROF. A. W. WRIGHT, YALE UNIVERSITY.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROFESSORS C. F. EMERSON AND E. B. FROST, IN THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, WITH AN EXPOSURE OF TWENTY MINUTES.

a board or book may shield the object and plate, without affecting the result except in degree.

The usual method of manipulation is to suspend a Crookes tube a few inches above a table or stand, and place immediately beneath it on the table an ordinary plate-holder, on the closed slide of which the objects to be photographed are laid. Professor Rood, of Columbia, calls attention to the desirability of determining that the plate-holder is entirely opaque to ordinary light before attempting to test the new rays. Most plate-holders in common use do not meet this requirement. An assistant of Professor Rood, Mr. Henry S. Curtis, has made sun-prints of opaque objects through the ebonite draw-plate of a holder such as is ordinarily used to test the X rays; and Mr. Rittenhouse, also of Columbia, has obtained similar results with the electric light.

To guard against possible error from this source, Professor Rood began his experiments with the new photography by testing his plate-holder to make sure that it is impervious to ordinary light, giving it two hours' exposure to the naked arc light, and in addition covered the plate with black photographic protective paper when using it with the X rays. Under this double protection aluminium foil of .023 millimetre thickness proved entirely transparent to these rays, while other objects, such as a bar of aluminium, bronze cents, silver quarters, pieces of glass, and platinum foil made their imprint on the negative with varying degrees of intensity. Platinum foil with a thickness of .018 millimetre proved entirely opaque, stopping the rays altogether.

Some of Professor Rood's other experiments are of peculiar interest in that they corroborate Röntgen's claim that the X rays radiate from the spot on the wall of the Crookes tube on which the kathode rays impinge, and not directly from the kathode itself. Some observations of Mr. Bumstead, of the Sheffield Scientific School, suggest the same conclusion. The point is of vastly more consequence than might appear to the casual reader, because it bears on the all-important question as to the real nature of the X rays.

The extent to which the X rays will penetrate any object depends, in general terms at any rate, upon the absolute density of its substance. Thus organic substances, as a rule, transmit the rays more freely than inorganic, and the least permeable, as far as yet known, are such dense substances as glass and platinum. Opacity and transparency in the ordinary sense of the words do not enter into the case at all.

It must not be supposed, however, that the X rays penetrate even the most permeable substance to an indefinite distance. On the contrary, their force appears to become steadily less as they penetrate any substance, the rate of decrease depending of course on the permeability (absolute density?) of the object. It is this quality, indeed, that gives the rays their great picture-making value. The bones of the hand show as distinguished from the flesh because they retard the rays more than the flesh retards them. For a similar reason the edges of the bone give a graduated shadow, lessening towards the centre, and thus conveying an idea of perspective that would not at first sight be expected in a shadow picture. So delicate is this alteration of influence with change in thinness that a finely made photograph may show, as one of Professor Wright's does, the stamped figures and lettering of both sides of a coin. It is impossible to indicate this plainly, however, by reproductive process.

This same property of the rays suggests also the limitations of their practical utility, but of course it is much too early to say what these limitations are likely to be in practice. Already it has been shown that a plate of aluminium about half an inch thick may be penetrated, and one of M. Perrin's (L'École Normale, Paris) photographs as reproduced here proves that the body of a frog is no insurmountable obstacle. It is therefore no visionary forecast to hope that with increased currents and improved methods the entire human body may be photographed in sections, at least with sufficient clearness to locate definitely any bullet or other foreign substance that may have lodged in it, and to clearly diagnose such a malformation as a fractured bone. Already this can be done as regards such thinner members as the hands and feet. It requires only the perfecting of details to include thicker tissues and distinguish more accurately between different kinds of tissue. It is easily within the possibilities that the new photography, when fully developed, may reveal to us secrets of cellular growth, glandular activity, and the like, that have hitherto proved inscrutable. This, and much more that might be written in kind, belongs to fancy and the future; but the facts of the present are quite striking enough without such coloring.

Though the announcement of the discovery of the new photography came to the general public without forewarning, yet the discovery itself, like most similar ones in the past, was really the last step in a long sequence of experiments. Professor Crookes' researches on the action of electricity through a vacuum paved the way. Numerous experiments on the power of the kathode rays to dissipate a kathode of soft metal, and relating to their action in different gases, enter into the series; and Professor Hertz's proof that violet rays of light affect the electric spark would appear also to have relevancy. But it remained for Professor Philip Lenard to discover that the kathode rays, or some force engendered by them, can operate outside the tube in which they are developed. He discovered the existence of these "X" rays through accidentally noticing their excitation of luminosity in a phosphorescent object near a Crookes tube. Suspecting from this that the same influence might affect a gelatine plate, he tested it to this end, and succeeded in photographing strips of metal and quartz in this way, becoming thus the real discoverer of the process that is now setting scientific and unscientific worlds agog.

All this occurred two or three years ago, but the people at large heard nothing of it, because there was little about the experiments at that stage having any element of the sensational or any great promise of practical utility. It remained for Professor Röntgen, a man of great fertility of experimental resource, and perhaps of more imaginative mind, to see further possibilities in the method, and, following in Lenard's footsteps, to add the dramatic elements to Lenard's discovery.

Thus it happens that the world has rung with the name of Röntgen, while that of the real discoverer, Lenard, has been but little mentioned. But this again is only repeating the history of almost every great discovery. Professor Röntgen, however, is entitled to no small credit for his share in perfecting the discovery and giving it practicality. Moreover, he is the originator of the idea that the X rays represent a force not only distinct from the kathode rays, but hitherto unrecognized. Should the latter claim be substantiated, the measure of Röntgen's fame will with justice be enhanced enormously. It is fair to add, however, that as yet this claim rests on evidence that is by no means demonstrative, and that there is at least a strong presumption against its validity.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

With strong, clear eyes and dauntless face,
  With firm-poised figure free and bold,
Mettled in mind for any race,
  Proud of her right to dare and hold,
I watch her on her joyous way—
This girl with an imperial sway.

Gentle? Ah! yes, I've seen her so,
  Gentle as any mating dove,
And full at heart of tender glow
  That brightens to a siren's love,
While all her blossoming soul is rife
With the sweet fellowship of life.

Yet dignity and will are hers,
  And fearlessness in bitter hours:
What wonder that her worshippers
  Swear by her words, her smiles, her flowers?
Yet I, who feel her radiant youth,
  Swear by her virtue and her truth.

George Edgar Montgomery.

NO SALT WATER FOR NEW YORK.

What were believed to be the exact conditions of the water supply of New York city at the close of last year were presented in Harper's Weekly of January 18, 1896, under the title of "New York Wants More Water." This article has called forth a number of letters, in which the situation is ably discussed. It may be mentioned that in no case have the facts, which were fairly shown in that article, been questioned.

The general tenor of the correspondence was the presentation of plans deemed by the writers as likely to ameliorate present conditions.

Generally the utilizing of salt water to serve as an adjunct to fresh water was advanced, this salt water to be employed for the extinguishing of fires. In some cases it was proposed that salt water should, in addition, be used "for flushing sewers and for street-cleaning purposes." All the writers commented on the situation of New York, with the North River on one side and the East River on the other. "With such unfailing sources," wrote an expert, "there ought never to be any dearth of water in New York city."

The arguments in favor of taking salt water from the North and East rivers are but few, and against it they are innumerable. Such a system, if it were practicable, would require an entire duplication of street pipes and hydrants, and the expense would be enormous. If it be difficult to keep in good working order one plant, with two it would double these difficulties. The practical carrying out of such a method, though within the verge of possibility, would tax human ingenuity to its utmost.

New York, with 2,000,000 of inhabitants, covers an area of ten miles or more in length, and is over two miles in width. If Milwaukee and Detroit, located on the shores of vast fresh-water lakes, have adopted a partial auxiliary fire service, the tests made to gauge the efficiency of the pumping plants have by no means been satisfactory. It has been found that with the most powerful engines devised, a really useful stream of water, fitted for fire service, was limited to a distance between 2000 and 3000 feet when passing through the pipes. Friction in the pipes made a loss of thirty-three per cent. of the force exerted at the pumps. It must be remembered that in both these cities no other recourse was possible. To use pumping-engines for the fire service was a necessity. Then again Milwaukee and Detroit are fairly compact cities, and in no way resemble even comparatively such geographical conditions as exist in New York.

In New York the distance from any central part to the water would probably average a mile, and even with pumping-engines delivering salt water to the level of the street this would tax the most powerful of such mechanisms. You might have salt water, but the necessary element of pressure, which is efficiency, would be as wanting then as it is now.

Say pumping-engines on the North and East rivers were erected. They would have to be put at close intervals. The greater distance from a fire would produce the minimum of pressure. They would have to be constantly manned, with their fires never banked, because the margin between the control of a fire and the loss of control is so narrow as to escape any time measurements. We do use, practically, salt water for the extinguishing of conflagrations on our river-fronts, and excellent service is rendered by our fire-boats. Their work is, however, limited to what is a mere fringe of the city. As pumping-engines the distance to which these fire-boats can deliver water is necessarily short.

What are the reasons for suggesting the use of salt water, indifferent as to the expense or the impracticability of it? The reasons are two. Firstly, more fresh water, it is evident, is wanted in the immediate future for all those domestic requirements which a great city demands. Secondly, it is imperative that the city be saved from any danger of a conflagration. It has been conclusively shown how deficient is this water pressure, and that from this time on it will be in a constantly diminishing quantity.

In the article "New York Wants More Water" the endeavor was made to present, by means of illustrations of the reservoirs, something like an object-lesson, for it is difficult to appreciate at a glance what is the bulk of a million of gallons, for New York uses every day its 200,000,000 of gallons.

Near the Forty-second Street Depot of the Central Railroad, in New York, is a reservoir covering one half of Bryant Park, or an area equivalent to a whole block. The Fire Department of New York used, in all the year 1894, say 30,000,000 of gallons; actually it was a million or so of gallons less. This is a mere dribble of water, so to speak, when compared with the great general consumption of New York during the same year. Every day, then, New York city uses up ten times over the water capacity of the Forty-second Street reservoir, while if this reservoir were filled once and a half that much water would represent the requirements of the New York Fire Department for a twelvemonth.

A salt-water scheme is at best a makeshift, and considered as a municipal service utterly impracticable. If ever seriously entertained, it would hamper indefinitely the conclusion of that vital subject the providing of New York with more water, and that water at a greater pressure.

We must have additional water-sheds, and when the distributing reservoirs are from 300 to 400 feet above water-level—that is, from 200 to 300 feet higher than are those of to-day—then only will the matter of a plentiful supply of water, and with sufficient pressure, find a solution.

Barnet Phillips.

COPPÉE'S "FOR THE CROWN."

More than a year has passed since the chief incident of the Paris dramatic season of 1894–5 was the first production of François Coppée's four-act drama in verse *For the Crown* (*Pour la Couronne*). The piece is still the talk, if no longer the sensation, of the capital. Only last month the directors of the Odéon felt obliged to postpone its interruption. Public pleasure in it seems insatiable. As a popular success even its author's *Luthier de Crémone*, his majestic *Severo Torelli*, M. Pailleron's airy *Cabotins!* at the Française, even M. de Bornier's *Fille de Roland* (not to speak of his recent *Fils d'Aretin*) pale beside it. And Coppée's drama deserves all favor. It is a noble work, a superbly finished poem. Its emotional scope is full. Its situations are moving. Its theatricism is consummate. Its French verse is often exquisite, always superior. If not a great play, in the sense that *Hernani* or *Ruy Blas* seems such, it is of not less heroic stuff. In the high element of beauty it is a masterpiece. Even narrow and querulous Sarcey was won. Even the reflective Fouquier was fired.

We will not spoil the pleasure of the reader by an outline of Coppée's piece. Its picturesqueness can be only slightly inferred from the illustrations. It is on a thrilling topic for a drama in any language—quasi-historical if not such *de facto*. Its period is the fifteenth century, when the Turks were striving to get a foothold in the trans-Balkan principalities. It carries on the struggle of a patriot prince, Constantin Brancomir, to save his country from a betrayal to the Moslems—by his own father! This struggle makes of the young man suddenly a parricide. On the sombre passages of this story falls a gleam of sunshine—a pure and tender love that delivers the hero from a longer shame and injustice than is heaped on him—though the deliverance means death. In the Odéon performance the main rôles fell to M. Fénoux, M. Albert-Lambert, and to Mesdames Tessandier and De Boncza. There have been as many tears as plaudits, night by night, for the art of this superb quartet. In the present presentation in New York the cast includes especially Mr. Edward Vroom, Mr. John A. Lane, Mr. Charles Kent, and Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss Maud Harrison, and Miss Olive West. It is to be added that the English version used is made by Mr. Charles Renauld in unrhymed English lines. That nothing can quite compensate for the loss of Coppée's verse and the French poetical structure goes unsaid.

It is understood that this earnest effort to do justice to a foreign masterpiece, which our public may like or not, may understand or not, is the first venture of a private association, unnamed, of lovers of the higher drama, classic or modern. This association's aim does not stand for the hunting out and producing merely of curious novelties—as do several such societies in Paris and London. It means that good taste and wealth here recognize a situation in our art. It means that an effort is made by private subsidy (just as in the case of our Metropolitan Opera-house seasons) to pay, from time to time, for the production of plays of distinguished merit, and for the getting together (and keeping together) of competent actors and actresses; which plays otherwise will not be taken up, because our local managers do not see their immediate account in them. The scheme is a laudable one. It is an important one. It is locally a necessary one.

Our public yet cannot, or will not, as an impulse of feeling or taste, support the best dramatic art, any more than, as the public, it will support the best musical art. It is not yet ready, intelligently, to do so. Indeed, it does not quite do so anywhere. The governments of Europe forestall the deficiency that otherwise would come to the Académie de Musique, the Opéra Comique, the Française, the Odéon, the Burgtheater, the Munich or Berlin Hofoper, the Scala, and so on. So it is that new or old masterpieces are taken up and kept in repertory, and performed in all honor and care. We have no such matter yet in our national or municipal budget. (Even the politician hasn't got his heart and hand set on it.) So steps in, instead, the generosity of the rich citizens, who club together and guarantee the impresario. If it were not for this private enthusiasm and wealth, our Metropolitan, Boston's Symphony Orchestra, Chicago's, would shut up and disband to-morrow.

In short, the amateur who loves art thus does the duty of his country or city toward it, and expects no profit. Such is the plan now in hand in this city for a privately subsidized (or guaranteed) theatre. The performances of *For the Crown* inaugurate it. Admitting obvious shortcomings, they do so seriously and with high artistic zeal. Let us hope, even if we dare not expect, for the idea that it will succeed; that New York's public will, even slowly, show itself disposed to second those who have put their hands into their pockets. They aim to provide more good plays and more good acting than the unguaranteed managers will consider, exactly as more good music is purveyed—by the power, money, behind the curtain. Such an effort must not be confounded with a wish to produce the eccentric, the curious, the horrible, such as Paris has done with its two or three similar societies. In this is expressed an effort to make, in course of time, an American theatre. We have none now. The less said about too many industrious substitutes the better. With Mr. Vroom's ambitious interpretation of Coppée's *For the Crown* a beginning is made, whatever public seconding shall meet it, this particular play, or the idea its use represents.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

LIFE AND LETTERS

WHENEVER I have paid two dollars, or only a dollar and a half, for a seat at the theatre to witness one of the plays criticised from time to time in this place, with a sense of incorruptibility which the deadhead cannot know, I have made several reflections. The first of these has always been that it was a foolish and wasteful venture, since very probably the piece would be so bad it would not be worth writing about. The next has often been that the cost of the ticket was simply prohibitive in the case of vast numbers of people who could most enjoy and perhaps best judge the play. The third has usually come in the form of a realizing sense that I was giving the price of a book that would yield me a thousand times more pleasure, of a nobler, purer, finer kind than I could possibly get from the performance I was about to see.

I.

In these reflections I do not claim an exclusive property. They may have occurred to others; I am quite sure it has occurred to many others that the sum of two dollars is too much to pay for a chair at the theatre, and as the price has been rather recently advanced to that figure, it may not be too late to protest against it. This unpleasant innovation is apparently an effect from the courage of the foreign companies of players, English and French, who have visited us of late years, and have asked two and a half and even three dollars for the good seats at their performances. Their success in the demand has been too much for the republican simplicity of our managers, and in their naïve way they have ventured to imitate the rapacity of these aliens. I dare say they would tell me that the production of plays had been rendered more expensive by the material perfection of the staging, which the foreign companies had accustomed our people to; and perhaps this might hold with respect to the English companies. But I saw M. Coquelin, in Thermidor, washing his hands at a toilet set which proclaimed itself from Sixth Avenue in stand, basin, and pitcher, and had every effect of having been marked down to ninety-eight cents. Even if the luxury of the appointments were never marred by any such lapse, I should retort that the real value the foreigners gave us was not in the mounting of their plays, but in the playing of them. This, I contend, can be perfectly good with a mere suggestion in the setting, and a decent poverty in the properties; it can be so good as to make one altogether forget them. But with the modern luxury of theatrical appointments the play has become a property, and the properties have usurped a dramatic importance. To the true lover of the art the last degree of sketchiness in the *entourage* is consistent with the illusion. Taste must be used; but good taste is not expensive; it is commonly bad taste that is expensive; and a little money will go a great way in realizing all the important effects of a stage background. It should never be more than a background, for the action alone can constitute the picture.

II.

I know that much merit is claimed for the elaborate mounting of modern society plays, and I have seen much praise given it. But before the most luxurious drawing-rooms of the stage one is apt to feel as if one were sitting on the pavement in front of a Fourteenth Street furniture store; and if it is this sort of thing that obliges the manager to ask me two dollars for an orchestra chair, I object decidedly. It is this dense and mirk misconception of the real office of the theatre, this mechanical playing to the pocket-power, which we are told is one of the reasons why new pieces cannot oftener be tried before the public. It costs so much to stage a play that everything has to be left out of the account which will not pretty surely appeal to the pocket-power, and all the cares are taken for a vain and foolish luxury in the mounting of a piece which ought to have been given to its dramatic effects. Managers are much oftener men of good sense and good taste than people would suppose from the sort of plays they give us; and it is said they would sometimes like to abdicate their judicial functions, and let the public decide upon a piece they are in doubt about. But a "trial performance" is nearly always sentence and execution for the piece on trial, and a play cannot be put on for a possible run without an expense for mounting which the manager does not feel justified in making except with something that he believes will hopefully appeal to the pocket-power.

Hence, two dollars an orchestra chair. In other words, dear reader, the manager asks you, with all your innate refinement, your cultivation, your sensitive taste, your love of beauty, your devotion to truth, with all your qualities for suffering and enjoying, to help him pay for his Fourteenth Street sidewalk interior, that the ruck of riches may be flattered by a spectacle necessarily inept and futile. The stage can *never* be anything more than a suggestion of the fact meant: then, why should it not be a cheap and simple suggestion, instead of a costly and pretentious one?

III.

I don't want to leave anything out of the account, in treating of this matter, and I am willing to consider a supposition that the price of seats has been advanced because the players have exacted higher salaries of late. I do not say that this is the case; I never heard that it was; but if it is I shall always be glad to contribute my share of the difference. If the publishers should suddenly put up the price of the dollar and a half novel to two dollars, and I knew that the author would get the half-dollar difference I should pay it without a pang on the rare occasions when I buy books. I can imagine a publisher doing this, and I can imagine a manager having done a like thing for a like reason; but perhaps he has not done it for any such reason; perhaps the price of seats has been put up because rents have risen, and the poor landlords have got the difference. This may very well be, but this is not certain, either. What we really know is that the price of seats has risen, and the old price will not buy you a place where you can see well or hear well.

I speak by the card, for I have experimented, not indeed for the purpose of saving money, which I should scorn to do, but with the wish to know how my fellow-beings fare who are less favored by fortune, and, as I cannot help thinking (though I do not like to say it), probably less dear to their Maker. I find that you cannot see well or hear well in the rear chairs of the orchestra circle or the upper tiers of the balcony. As for the gallery, that way madness lies. In fact, when you have filled the orchestra chairs and the first two rows of the balcony, the rest may be given to the poor, as the epicurean philanthropist said of what was left of a roast goose after two cuts had been taken off the breast, and one from under the wing.

IV.

It is very little to give the poor, those seats which are not worth having, though I dare say the poor would be glad to get them: they seem glad to get almost anything that their betters think not worth having. As the case stands now, however, they cannot get even these undesirable orchestra circle and upper balcony seats, unless they pay a dollar and a half for each of them. The consequence is that a poor man has no hope of seeing a modern play. Often they are not worth seeing, but sometimes they are very well worth seeing, as for instance any play of Mr. Bernard Shaw's, or Mr. Pinero's, or Mr. Oscar Wilde's, or Mr. Bronson Howard's, or Mr. James A. Herne's. If the poor man is willing and able to stand through the performance, he must pay a dollar for the privilege of standing behind the orchestra circle. It is only a rich or a well-to-do person, with no costly vices, who can afford the theatre; and in a city full of bright intelligences beginning the struggle of life, the most of those who would naturally form the best public for the drama, are denied admittance to its temples by the poverty that sometimes makes them ashamed to be seen in the churches. When one of the worst plays is worn down to its ultimate interest in the pocket-power theatres, it is flung like a cast-off garment to some of the East Side playhouses; but usually the cheap theatres are supplied with brutal burlesques or indecent farces; they no longer have good, lurid melodrama; and the standard plays, even the plays of Shakespeare, can never be found in the Bowery now.

As I say, a poor man cannot hope to see a good play in this city, and with the advance in prices I do not suppose that the fairly-well-off can much longer hope to do so. Not only is too much money spent in staging the plays, and in giving a spectacular luxury without elegance, but too much is spent upon the other appointments of the theatres, without enhancing the comfort of the play-goers who are plundered to pay for them. A theatre should be well lighted and heated, it should have architectural beauty, but the decoration should be so spare and quiet as not to take the eye from the picture on the stage, or distract the mind between acts. Now, there is a swagger or an imbecility of decoration that offensively obtrudes itself everywhere and forever; and as far as the provision for the spectator's comfort goes, an unpainted wooden chair, such as they give you at Barnum's circus, would be more commodious than the two-dollar seat at the theatre. This seat is at once sticky and slippery; it gives you no room for your elbows, and cramps your knees against the back of the seat in front of you; it is a marvel of pretended luxury and real misery. But its fraudulent promise must be paid for by those who would not ask for it, and who must also pay for the ridiculous attempts at *foyers*, where no one ever comes, or stays more than to glance at the gas-logs heaped high on the tiled hearths, though all these stupidities combine to enhance the cost of an evening's pleasure to the play-goer.

The other arts are cheapened, and through their cheapness brought by various processes within the means of all. Books, illustrations, concerts, are minimized in cost. The theatre alone grows dearer and dearer. It is no consolation to know that it does not prosper, with all its rapacity, but rather suffers. One wishes it to prosper, and not to suffer, for it is the home of one of the loveliest and earliest of the arts, and it ought to be the means of education impossible from any other.

I should like to inquire a little further why it is not, and how it might be.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE CRAGSTON KENNELS.

THERE is something so abidingly attractive in the collie that there is little wonder that any one should become enthusiastic in an affection for this wonderfully handsome, useful, and courageous dog. In his native environment he long ago won an enduring fame, and the annals of Scotland are filled with the records of his intelligent, courageous, and loyal achievements. Life in the Highlands for farmers and for shepherds has never been easy; without the assistance of the collie it would have been impossible. Of no other dog can we possibly speak in so certain a way as we can of this. Invaluable as a worker, he also possesses traits which make him a most estimable companion. Time and again, in speaking of this dog, I have expressed regrets that some of the finest specimens in the world and some of the offspring of the very best strains of blood should be suffered to go without training, and therefore deteriorate in their working capacity. That aspect of the collie question is as important and as interesting as ever before, but on this occasion I shall not dwell upon it. There are undoubtedly working collies enough in the parts of Scotland where such dogs are most employed; elsewhere in the world, where there is particular need for any kind of dog, the dog is sure to be supplied through a combination of the patience and ingenuity of man confronted with a necessity and the sagacious pliability of canine instinct. In this country collies are, in the main, companions, friends, ornaments of the show-rings, and so on. Certainly his lack of occupation has made the collie of the show-ring a more symmetrical and a smoother-looking dog than his cousin of the stormy mountain-side and heathery valley, and it is likely, too, that his manners have more polish, perhaps even more amiability. And he will do tricks, which the working dog will not do when he learns that they are merely tricks. The working collie is a serious animal, and intent in doing the task which he has been taught to do; but it is also evident that he is a reasonable and a thrifty animal; for so soon as he learns—and that is very quickly—that no useful purpose is served by an imposed task, he loses all interest in it, and will do it no more save under sullen protest. This indisposition to perform for fun adds very considerably to the dignity of the collie. But the collie that knows not sheep and how to drive and protect the flock will do tricks after a fashion. He is, however, at his best but an ungracious performer, and I venture to assert that no one ever saw a collie in a company of performing dogs.

Yet the collie has a quicker and a more practical intelligence than any of his race. He is handsome, too. At the various dog shows in Madison Square Garden I have made special note as to the points to which the greatest crowds have been attracted; and, without doubt, the greatest numbers gathered in the sections devoted to the toy-dogs, the St. Bernards, and the collies. Those who went to see the toy-dogs were chiefly women and children, and they admired these little fellows because they were "cunning" and "cute"; but all classes visited the St. Bernards and the collies, being attracted by the dignified and serene nobility of the former and the intelligence and symmetry of the latter. I have attended these dog shows for many years past, and never till last year were the collies so universally attractive; never before did they draw and hold so much attention. The reason for this was very apparent on a slight examination. Never before were there so many good collies exhibited; never before did the quality of the dogs rank so high as then. The exhibition made by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan showed that he had in the Cragston Kennels the most splendid collies in the world, and there can be no doubt whatever that his dogs in any show-ring in this country or in England would carry off pretty nearly all the first prizes offered. This cannot be said of any other kennels in the United States, unless exception should be made of Mr. Winchell's mastiffs and blood-hounds.

Two years ago an article in this paper directed attention to Mr. Morgan's kennels. At that time Roslyn Wilkes was the star dog of the establishment. He died last summer, but before his death he had been supplanted in the premiership. At the Westminster show of 1894 Roslyn Wilkes was decided by the judges to be second to the star dog of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, Wellsbourne Charlie, and this was a severe blow to Mr. Morgan's kennel-manager. It is true that at Cragston at that time one of the most famous collies in the world, Sefton Hero, was in reserve, but he was then newly imported, and had not been exhibited frequently enough to be qualified to be shown in the champion class. Therefore he did not compete with Roslyn Wilkes and Wellsbourne Charlie, and, according to the decision of the judges, the Cragston Kennel dogs were turned down and put into a position inferior to that held by them in 1893. But in a little while Sefton Hero did qualify by winning four first prizes in the open classes, and then there was nothing in the country that could compete with him. And so in the open class for bitches in 1894 Mr. Morgan had what on the turf would be called a walk-over with Charlton Phyllis, who last year won also in the challenge class.

Sefton Hero was born in England in April, 1890, and before being brought to this country, a little over two years ago, he had won one hundred and twenty first prizes, cups, medals, and special prizes in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Holland. Four times only in his European career was he beaten, and then he was defeated by his present kennel companions Charlton Phyllis and Rufford Ormonde. In England Sefton Hero was considered to be the best collie ever seen on the bench there, and his record in the show-rings would seem to justify such an opinion. He is a large fellow, sable and white in color, with perfect white markings. So far he has not been beaten in this country, and he is likely to keep a clean record till some time he may come in competition with Mr. Morgan's new dog Rufford Ormonde, newly imported, and seen for the first time at last year's show, where he had one of his front legs in bandages because of a sprain occasioned by a jump out of a second-story window of the kennel-manager's house at Cragston. This accident happened just before the show, and Mr. Armstrong, the kennel-manager, was very doubtful whether in the dog's lamed condition he would take him into the ring. But Rufford Ormonde so evidently outranked the other competitors in the open class that to have refrained from showing him would have been so cautious as to have been unsportsmanlike. So the dog went in, and came out with the blue ribbon.

This dog was born in 1890, and is exceptionally large, as in full broom he weighs 75 pounds. He made his first appearance when nine months old, at Manchester, where he won three first prizes, two silver cups, and two special prizes. In 1892 he won every time he competed, and was then sold for $3750. He met with an accident, and was not seen in the show-ring for a year and a half. When he did appear, in November, 1893, he showed himself as good as ever, and there was no dog in England good enough to beat him. He won that fall the Sixty Guinea Challenge Trophy three times in succession, and won the title of "Champion." Mr. Morgan bought him in the spring of 1894, and last summer the hot weather made him ill, so that he got out of coat and came very near losing an eye. But painstaking work by Mr. Armstrong and his assistants got this great dog in shape again. The kennel-manager kept him constantly under his own eye, so that no accident could befall him. But the accident did come; for it was from Mr. Armstrong's bedroom window that Rufford Ormonde jumped when he sustained the sprain which came near injuring him for life and permanently barring him from the show-ring.

With Sefton Hero, Rufford Ormonde, Charlton Phyllis, and Jakyr Dean as the stars of Cragston Kennels, Mr. Morgan need fear no competition in America, and were he to send these four to England for exhibition, he would probably receive more prizes than any American ever got in any sportsmanlike undertaking in Europe. These, however, are all imported dogs, and Mr. Morgan would not think of sending them to their native land to compete for new honors. Some day, perhaps, he may send some dogs there of his own raising. It is in these, after all, that a dog-lover takes the greatest interest. To own the best dog of any kind, whether you buy or breed him, is a satisfaction; but the gratification is a hundredfold greater when this superlative specimen is of home breeding, for in such a one a double ownership is felt. It is therefore in the puppies and other youngsters that Mr. Morgan must find his greatest satisfaction, and we may expect in a year or so to see the Cragston Kennels represented at the bench shows by home-bred candidates alone; then a blue ribbon won will be cherished as signifying an achievement in skilful breeding—a science as interesting to experiment in as any about which men ever speculated.

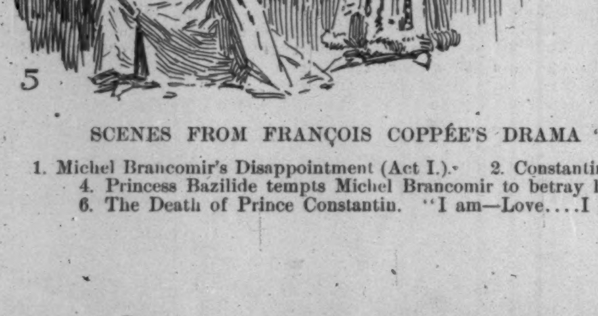
JNO. GILMER SPEED.

1

2

3

4



5

6

SCENES FROM FRANÇOIS COPPÉE'S DRAMA "FOR THE CROWN," AT PALMER'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

1. Michel Brancomir's Disappointment (Act I.). 2. Constantin Brancomir and Militza, his Captive (Act I.). 3. Prince Constantin lights the Signal (Act III.). 4. Princess Bazilide tempts Michel Brancomir to betray his Country (Act II.). 5. Prince Constantin denounces Princess Bazilide's Treason (Act IV.). 6. The Death of Prince Constantin. "I am—Love....I give you back this Dagger!" (Act V.).

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A MOONLIGHT LEAGUER.

IT was a summer-house set in a garden, and mostly made of wood. But it had three feet of stone-work about the walls, which fortifications, as I think, saved my life. Then I praised the fore-thought which had brought me abundant powder and shot in the horns I had slung at my girdle. I also remembered to thank Providence for misdirecting the shots as I ran out of the garden door.

Here in this small child's playhouse it was my fortune to stand such a siege as mayhap never man stood before. And of that I shall tell, so that all may judge and see whether the reward which the Earl of Cassillis gave to me was at all out of keeping (as some allege) with the services which I, Launce Kennedy, sometime esquire, rendered to him and his house.

Yet I did it for love, and by no means for reward. Ay, and largely without thought also. For such was the spirit of the times that wagers of battle were done lightly, to spite one and overpass another, like children that play the Follow-my-leader upon the street.

So I lay in my summer-house, behind the low breastwork of stone, while above me the bullets rattled through the frail wood-work like hailstones that splash into still water.

Lying thus prone, I charged my pistols—a thing which I could do very well in the dark—and gazed out through the open windows that looked every way. What I suffered from most was the want of light upon the approaches of my castle at the top of the garden; for I was placed upon a little hill, and the ground sloped every way from me. Yet even this did me little good, for the light was too uncertain to show me those that might come against me, and the uncertainty put me in a sweat, lest I should shoot at shadows, and let the real enemy that came to invade and slay me pass harmless, so that they should break upon me before I was aware.

Occasionally, however, the light that burned somewhere in the town cast glimmerings over the garden, and I could see dark figures that crouched behind bushes and about the trunk of every leafless tree. After that God-sent illumination I think it is not too much to say that each time I got a fair chance at an enemy there was one rascal the fewer alive—or at least one that had a shot the more in him. It cheered me to see them crawling out of the range of my ordnance as if they had been few and I a host.

Most of all I aimed, with intent to kill, at the tall man in the gray cloak, whom I had seen from the first directing the ploy. Time and again I believed that I had him, but upon each occasion it was some meaner rogue that bore the brunt.

Thus I held my own, with Sir Thomas's French pistol laid aside ready for them if they came with a rush, and my own for common use to load and fire withal. Also I kept my sword ready to my hand. For when it came to the edge of steel I put more confidence in my blade than in all the ordnance in the land. Though Heaven forbid that I should speak against the pistolet, when that very night I had so often owed my life to it! My chief hope now was that the Provost of the place, who had been a guest with Sir Thomas, might escape and rouse the towns-people. The people of Maybole loved not the Barganys greatly, but, on the contrary, were devoted to the service of my master, because of his kindliness of disposition and the heartsome way he had of calling them all "Sandy" and "Jeems," according to their Christian name—a thing which goes a far road in Scotland.

It so happened that the fire which did me so much good —which, as I afterwards learned, was lighted by one of my enemies for frolic in the wood-yard of one Duncan Crerar, millwright—burned up a little and cast a skarrow in the garden where I was. When it was at its brightest there came four fellows running up the brae, all with their swords bare in their hands, so that it seemed that I was as good as dead, for it seemed impossible that I could man them all. But I minded the saying of a great captain of the old wars: "Stop you the front rank, and the second will stop of itself." So I took good and careful aim at the two fellows that led the charge with my pistols and fired. The first of them tossed his blade in the air, spun about like a weather-cock, and fell headlong, while the other, lamed in his leg, as it appeared, tried to crawl back down the hill again. The two that came behind were no little daunted by this fall. Nevertheless, they came on; but I cried out, as loud as I could, "Give me the other pistols, Sir Thomas, and I shall do for these scoundrels too!"

At which they gave back in great astonishment and ran, I make no doubt to tell their masters that they had to do with more than one old man well lined with sack and Canary. But in the breathing-space I charged my pistols again, and cried to the fellow that was limping along the ground by the back of my summer-house,

"Link it, my lad, back to your master, or I shall put another bullet in ye where it will stop ye from groaning and hirpling."

For I understood well that he desired to take me in the rear.

At this moment there happened a surprising thing. I saw a tall dark figure overleap a wall at the side from which the shots came thinnest. I saw it stoop and lay fire to something that was darker than itself, when instantly there arose from the pile of millwright's shavings and kindling-wood a clear light which made all the garden to be seen without any difficulty.

"YET WHEN ONCE MAISTER BRUCE HAD ME IN THE WOOD, I THOUGHT OF NAUGHT BUT WHAT HE SAID."

Then the tall figure, which seemed unaccountably familiar to me, walked slowly up the middle walk toward the summer-house, the pistols cracking about, and the bullets splashing faster than ever upon the roof and sides of my shelter.

Then I saw who it was.

"Run for it, Robert Harburgh!" I cried. "Man, you are mad!"

But he never altered a single pulse-beat his deliberate advance. At the door he paused as one that upon the threshold would turn to kick a yelping cur. Then giving the sharp-shooters a wave of his hand in contempt, he entered and shut the door.

"Saint Kentigern's fish and a thousand devils!" said I. "I am not 'feared of any man, but there is no sense in foolhardiness, Robert. Come in out of reach of their bullets this moment, thou fool!"

"Ah," he returned to me, "I had as lief die and be done with it!"

"But I would not, for my stomach is in good order," replied I, swiftly; "so lie down on thy belly and help me to keep alive. For I am most consumedly anxious to keep my body from proving leaky with the entering in of bullets."

So, obediently, he laid him down, watching one side of the coming defence. He told me how he had heard what was a-doing—how that the Muirs and Drummurchies, together with Sawny Bean, the savage carl that was called of the common people "The Earl of Hell," had gotten the Laird of Culzean in a little summer-house in a walled garden, and were then worrying him to death.

"So," said Harburgh, "having naught better to do, I primed my pistols and came."

The firing upon us grew hotter than ever. We seemed at times to be closed within a ring of fire. Yet neither of us was the least hurt, save that a chip from the edge of a stone, driven off by a bullet, struck me on the cheek and made it bleed.

When the fire which Robert had lighted burned up, we that were marksmen lost no chances at any that showed so much as an arm or a leg. And those murderous rascals we did not kill outright, not having a fair chance at them from their lying in shelter and other causes, were at least winged and sore damaged, so that we judged that there would be some roods of lint bandage required about Drummurchie and Auchendrayne on the morrow.

Outside we heard a great and growing turmoil, and the sound of many voices crying: "To the death with the murderers! Break down the door!"

It was the sound of the people who had risen in the night and were coming to help us. For in a moment the gate of the yard was broken down, and a rout of men in steel caps and hastily donned arms came pouring in. And it had been comical to watch the array if our urgent business had allowed. For some had donned a breastplate over their night-gear; some fought like Highlandmen in their sark-tails, which, on the night of the New-Year, must have been breezy wear; while others had snatched a hackbut, but had forgotten the powder, so that now they carried the musket like a club, by the barrel.

Before these levies our cruel invaders vanished like smoke, as though they had never been, clambering over walls and through entries. But it is reported that several of them were sore hurt—here and there throughout the town were no fewer than five dead and six wounded, chiefly in the two gardens where I had been compelled to discharge my pistols.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

Robert Harburgh stepped out of the summer-house before them all, stretching his limbs.

"'Tis a cramped place, friends," he said. "After all, it is better to fight in the open and risk it!"

"Where is the Laird of Culzean?" cried some that knew him not. "If ye cannot show us the Laird ye shall die forthwith!"

"Nay," he said, "that I ken not. 'Tis not in my province, being general information. My province is fighting, not the answering of questions. Come hither, Launce, and tell them of thy master!"

Whereat I came forth and told them of the cruel plot and the attack upon Sir Thomas at Nisbett's house. So they would not be satisfied till they had gone there and found him. Nothing would do but that he should show himself unhurt and speak a word to them at the window. Which, being of short-grained temper and with a monstrous headache, he was loath to do. But Robert Harburgh, who had experience of such like, being a great man of his cups, poured water upon his head, and having dried it by rubbing, brought him to the window, where he spoke to the people as his kindly friends and neighbors, and thanked them for their affection.

"Nay," cried one, "thank your own young squire, who has to-night ta'en your life upon him."

So the people of Maybole, from honest and honorable love which they bore us, abode under arms till the morning, and searched all the town for the murdering ruffians of Drummurchie. Yet they found them not, for such always have a back door to escape by.

In the morning Sir Thomas called for his hat and cloak, and when they were brought he started in wonder and cried, "What in the name of the shanks of the Abbot of Crossraguel is the meaning of this hole?"

Then Robert Harburgh said, "'Tis but an airy summer suit that Launcelot wore last night when he went forth among those that sought to kill the Laird of Culzean."

My master stared without comprehending. But when he fully understood he clasped me in his arms.

"God knows," he said, "I would give my right hand if I could believe that I had a son that would ever do as much for me. Those I have are good for naught but golf and stool-ball." Wherein by his hasty words he did his honest lads much wrong.

CHAPTER XVI.

GRAYBEARDS AND DIMPLE CHINS.

THERE came an unwonted message one Sabbath morn to me, as I sat lingering and idle in the armory of Culzean. I had cleaned my own graith and oiled my pistols, which I regularly did on the Sabbath morning whenever I did not go to the kirk at Maybole. Now this particular day of which I speak I was idly conning the leaves of a song-book full of trifling, vain, and amatorious lilts and catches—some of them very pleasant, however, and taking to the mind. It ought to have been my psalm-book that I was at, God forgive me; but since song-book it was, why, even so shall I set it down here.

And the message that came was by the mouth of a kind of esquire or lick-pot of John Dick, who, for reasons of his own, hated me, chiefly because I took no share in the foulness of him and his subservient crew. This youth was of so little worth that in all the transactions of this book he has not once come into the narrative, though, as I now remember, he was at the tulzie in Edinburgh, and also at the flitting of the sow. On both occasions he was the first to run. His name was Millar, an ill-favored, envious, upsetting knave, compact of various ignorances and incapacities, and there needs no more to be said about him.

"There is a man wanting to see you down at Sandy Allison's, the Grieve's," he said.

Then he looked at me with the cast in his eye as crooked as a paddock's hind leg, and says he: "The fat will be in the fire now, I'm thinking. They tell me that it is the minister!"

I knew very well what the ill-tongued hound meant, so without a word he took the knuckles of my hand, Sabbath morning though it was, across his ugly face in a way that would leave a mark for a day or two.

"Take you that, dog," I said to him, "and learn to keep a more ruly member in your insolent head. Think not that you are John Dick, though you carry his dirty slanders. The wild boar gnashes its tuskies, so the little piglings squeak!"

And as he went away, lowering and snarling, I had a mind to go after him and give him something more than my knuckles, for the thing he meant was a lie of the devil, lighted at his furnace and spewed out of the pit fire.

But as I went to the door there came a poor lad from the stable with the message that there waited one for me at the house of Sandy Allison, the Grieve.

So I knew that the dog Millar had not invented the whole matter. Whereupon I looked carefully to my gear, did a new doublet upon me (because it was the Sabbath day), and girt me with a sash of blue, coft in Edinburgh and never before worn. Then setting my sword in its sheath, I went out through the woods that were now leafless and songless.

There was a brisk air of winter, crisp without rawness, in the air, and I was glad to be out-of-doors; for since the matter of the meeting with Gilbert Kennedy, which I had seen, both Marjorie and Nell came seldom my way. Which is, perhaps, why I looked so well to my apparelling ere I went to the Grieve's house. So a lad wearies for the speech of women-folk, and if he gets no one kind, why, he will another.

But now, when I come to think of it, I need not have troubled so to deck myself, for after the corner is turned and the long lane ends in the garden of roses a woman cares naught whether a man be clothed in dishclouts or whether he glitters like a bridegroom in cloth of gold.

So when I came near to the house there came out to meet me Kate Allison, which seemed to me like ancient days come back again, and my heart beat in a fashion I never thought to feel again. For a burnt stick is easily lighted, and Kate Allison was, without doubt, both bonny and kind. She was waiting for me at the corner of the barn like one that has an expectation. So when she came near me she put her hands roguishly behind her, and said: "Launce Kennedy, you are a false, deceitful lad, and no true lover. But think ye not that I care a pin. For I have gotten a braw lad and no thanks to you. Ye can get the Lady Marjorie to convoy hame next year frae the Maybole Fair."

And her speech made me glad, for she dropped me a courtesy and pretended to march on. So I knew full well that if she had not been heart-whole and at ease about all matters she would have greeted me very differently. So, as I say, I was glad. Yet I liked it not as well as I expected, for though men are often false to their loves, they never understand how their loves can change from loving them. I knew well that Kate would immediately, if not meddled with, return to tell me what had befallen, and why it was that they had sent for me.

Which indeed was just what she did.

"We have gotten a michty grave man here with us, who came to our house last night at e'en. We wanted to send word to the Castle to Sir Thomas; but the man said that he had enough of the Kennedys to last him his lifetime, and that he would put up with us if we could make shift to give him a bed. He was a man of a majestic and noble countenance, and when he had come within he took a Bible from his wallet and tairged us tichtly on the histories of the wars of the Jews and on points of doctrine."

"You would be fit for that," said I to her, laughing, "for most of our discourse had been upon points of doctrine and practice—though I mind not that we touched upon the wars of the Jews. We had war, even wars enough of our own. Was it not so, sweet Kate?"

And I would have taken her by the waist, for that is the way, as I have just been reading in my song-book, to pleasure a woman when like a pretty scold she slanders her love. So, as the London catch-book had it, I forgave her for it. Yet for all she would by no means permit me to come near her, which I was mortally sorry for, for though I wanted her to change, I desired her not to change so mightily as that.

"Na, na," she said, "and that's by wi'. Kate Allison needs no general lovers. Wear you your lady's favors; I can get them that loe me and nane ither to wear mine."

I pursued the subject no further at that time, meaning, however, to return to it, for a man likes not to see the things which have been freely his slipping from him like corn through a wide sieve. It makes his mind linger after them, and he begins to think them sweeter than any favors ever he had when all the rose garden was most fully his to wander and cull in at his lordly pleasure.

Too soon we came to the door of the Grieve's house, which was but a wide kitchen with two smaller rooms off it. I heard a voice uplifted as it seemed in prayer, and I bethought me of my mean and earthly thoughts. But I looked at Kate Allison, and she was so pleasant to look upon that I found excuses for myself.

Then the prayer being done, we went in, and they told the man in the inner room that Launcelot Kennedy, for whom he had inquired, was come.

So in a moment there came from the inner chamber, even as I had expected, Maister Robert Bruce. He wore his long black cloak, and his fine cloth coat showed beneath it. His hat was on his head, which he doffed for a moment to Kate Allison and her mother, and set on again. He bade them excuse him, for that he had much business to talk with me. I followed him out, and as I passed Kate methought she looked disappointed that I should go so soon. So, the corners of her mouth being down and her mother's back turned, I put my hand beneath her chin and plucked the loose slipknot of her bonnet, which was a pretty thing that haymakers use, but prettier on her than on any of them. Whereat she plucked a great pin and set it spitefully in her arm, which also was a pleasing habit of hers. But all was innocent and friendly enough, and my only excuse for thinking more of daffing with Kate Allison than of listening to the grave converse of Maister Robert Bruce is that then I was nearing nineteen years of age, which, as you all know, is a time when maids' dimples are more moving than the wisdom of the sages.

That is all mine excuse, and, as well I wot, but a poor one. Yet when once Maister Bruce had me in the wood, taking me by the arm, the majesty of his countenance and the moving fervor of his voice so worked upon me that, in good sooth, I thought of naught but what he said.

He told me that he was resolved to depart out of this land of Carrick and Kyle, which might have been the Garden of Eden if it were not inhabited by devils. He had come no speed at reconciling the parties at feud, even as I could have told him before he began.

"When I had thought," he said, "that I had come some speed in softening the heart of Gilbert Kennedy, who vaunts himself to be sincerely attached to me—and I do believe it—I said to him that he ought, for the settling of the quarrel, to give in his submission to his liege the Earl of Cassillis. In a moment comes the fire into his eyes, the anger grows black in his heart, and all my good words are undone. I think you Kennedys are all of you possessed with evil spirits, even as it was in the days of the Gadarene out of whom Christ cast many devils."

He paused a moment and then said,

"So the name of the devils of Carrick is Legion, for they are very many!"

Then, being sorry that he should so speak of those that were my master's kin and in a manner my own—for all the world knows that a blood feud is a thing acknowledged in the Bible, as one may see when David lay on his death-bed—I asked him how I could serve him, in order that I might stay his abuse of that which he did not understand.

"You may wonder," he went on, "that I chose to speak to you that are but an esquire, and, I hear, as ready with your sword in the quarrel as any of them. But at least you are not, like the rest of them, occupied with the safety of your own skin, and unwilling to look the matter in the large."

I told him that I did not wonder at all that he was willing to speak to me, for that I could keep my council truly and well.

"Faith, and I believe that," he cried, "if it were only your self-conceit of being able to do it."

But I understood not at all what he meant, for if there is anything that I am conspicuously lacking in it is the very quality of self-conceit.

"Hear ye, and mark well my words," said the Minister of Edinburgh. "There is a man in this country who is at the root of all the blood and all the slaughter, and who, if he be not curbed, will yet do tenfold more mischief. Your master thinks that he can bribe him to friendship; well, I am no judge of men if the man is to be bribed at any price beneath the sole power and sway of all this wild country of the west."

"It is Gilbert Kennedy of Bargany that you mean," said I, for I own I was jealous of his good name, enemy though he was.

"Gilbert Kennedy is but a hammer in this man's hand. Your good knight here at Culzean is but a spoon for him to sup with, and the only man that sees through him (and that but partially) is your jolter-headed Earl, whose keen care for the merks, the duties, and the tacks makes him clearer in the eye than the rest of you."

"And who is this plotter?" said I.

He stooped and looked about him to see that none was listening. Then he laid his lips almost to my ear.

He whispered a name which, in this place, I must not write, though afterwards it will be plain enough.

"It is simply not possible," said I; "the man you mention is but a bonnet Laird, as one might say, with a peeltower and a holding of half a dozen crofts. Why, my master could eat him up without turning out more than half a parish of his fighting-men."

"Nevertheless," said Robert Bruce, "that is the man who stands behind and makes the miracles work, as in Popish days the priests were wont to do behind the altar. Ye are but jiggling fools here in Carrick, and the man that pipes is the man I've told ye of!"

Then I thought over the matter—all that I knew of the man.

"In truth," said I, "I am none so sure that you may not be right."

Robert Bruce smiled as one that waxes weary of a babe's prattle.

"For," said I, "I mind that I heard him endeavor to win one by promises to the side of Bargany—"

"Pshaw!" said the minister; "he would as readily try to win Bargany to the Earl's side if it suited him to murder them together. It is his plan to make them fight each other till there are none left—to cut the heads of the taller poppies as in the tale of Rome. He has no side but his own, no desire but his own, no end but to make himself supreme in Carrick."

"And what can I, that am but a squire and a youth, do in the matter?" said I.

"You are on the spot, Launcelot," said the minister. "I am in Edinburgh, and if things march as evilly as they have been doing of late, it is likely I shall be even further afield than Edinburgh. But you can watch—you can judge when it boots to warn. You can put in a word—"

"I shall put in a sword," said I, stamping my foot; "put it in deep—to think such deceit and guile in a mere vassal and understrapper of my Lord's."

"Launcelot," said the Minister of Edinburgh, "you begin to make me sorry I trusted you. I should have spoken to a graver man."

"Nay, sir," I said, "you misdoubt me. I but mean that if it came to a bitter bite of iron, the time for words might go by."

"Ay," he replied, thoughtfully, "there is some sense in that, but give not up the words too early."

So we betook ourselves gravely and staidly out of the wood, and at bidding him farewell I received his benediction, which he gave me with his hand stretched out. And though I am tall and stand as erect as any man, yet the Minister of Edinburgh overtowered me by half a foot. But I minded that not in him.

So I went to the Castle armory to bethink me, for maids and bonnet strings were not to be more in my thought that day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY.

BY MELVIL DEWEY.

THE great library of the Empire State contained, December 1, 1895, 314,543 volumes, nearly one-third of them in the duplicate department. It has also about a quarter-million manuscripts, and a great pamphlet collection. The limits of this article forbid mention of its many notable treasures, of which even a brief account would fill a volume, or any description of the splendid quarters which it now occupies on the third, fourth, and fifth floors of the western section of the Capitol at Albany. The nine reading-rooms which run from State Street through to Washington Avenue on the principal floor are superbly finished in carved and polished natural oak, and by common consent are the most beautiful part of the famous $20,000,000 building. They are connected by doorways in exact line, forming a vista 300 feet long, which looks north toward the hills and mountains of the upper Hudson, and south down the Hudson and along the summits of the Catskills and Helderbergs, distant only an hour's ride. The grand staircase leading to the library would require an entire article for its description. It is said that its cost completed will be over $1,000,000, and the architect declares that it will be the finest ever built. But the stairs are not the library. Indeed, the present director, on his election, begged that this monumental staircase might be omitted, and its cost be set apart as an endowment, yielding $1000 a week, forever for buying books.

Omitting the story of books and building, and recognizing the interesting early history only by brief mention, this article will deal with what is, rather than what has been, and with those things less common to great libraries than rare books or beautiful architecture.

The New York State Library was established April 21, 1818, "for the use of the government and *people of the State*." One of the first State libraries in time, it has held unchallenged the first position in resources and usefulness, not because it so nearly approached an ideal standard, but because the other States were slower to recognize the importance of the State library as a central educational institution for the benefit of the whole commonwealth. Yet by as much as it exceeds similar libraries in what has been, it falls short of its own present standard as to what ought to be.

Its first report in 1819 showed 250 volumes in law, and 350 on other subjects, with 11 maps. The next year its first catalogue named 758 volumes, and in its first quarter-century it grew to 9912 volumes. It was throughout this period in charge of various State officers as ex-officio trustees. The results were as good as could be expected under trustees who were constantly changing for political reasons, and while in office were so absorbed with other pressing public duties that it was the rare exception for them to give the library any adequate attention.

On May 4, 1844, the second period began, when the Le-

MELVIL DEWEY,
Secretary University State of New York and Director State Library.

gislature with practical wisdom decided to protect the library from the political dangers which have nearly ruined many other State libraries, and turned it over completely to the custody and control of the regents of the University as trustees ex officio. The rapid growth in size and usefulness resulted in the erection of a fine new library building just west of the Capitol, and connected with it by a two-story corridor. Into this building, 114×48 feet, the regents in 1854 moved the library and their own offices, and occupied it till its demolition in 1883 to make room for the approaches to the new Capitol. For the remaining six years of its second period the library was in temporary quarters under the present Assembly-Chamber. In 45 years, under the regents as ex-officio trustees, the library had grown from the 10,000 volumes accumulated during the first 26 years to nearly 140,000 volumes.

In 1888 the chief librarian of Columbia College laid before the regents, at their request, his conception of the possibilities of the State library as measured by the latest and broadest educational and library standards. January 1, 1889, on assurance of leading regents that they were ready to do all in their power to realize these ideals, he accepted a unanimous election as executive officer of the University and director of the State library, and from the first has received that cordial co-operation without which the results of the past seven years would have been quite unattainable.

In 1889 there was a radical revision of the laws governing the library. All existing laws were repealed, and the library was made an important and integral part of the University itself. The gain was as marked as it had been in the similar partial step in the same direction in 1844. In every department the regents have held steadily to their purpose of securing the maximum usefulness to the State attainable with the means at their disposal. In this they were making real the declaration of the original law of 1818, that the library was "for the people of the State." For the first time the library was kept open throughout the year, no longer closing on Saturdays, holidays, or vacations. It was opened at eight in the morning, and closed, not at 5, but at 10 P.M., thus more than doubling the hours in which it was available each year. Formerly it was opened at nine, when the State employees were supposed to be at their desks. It was locked promptly at five, when they were released, and it was closed Saturdays after twelve, and on all holidays, and in the summer for cleaning and vacation.

Early in 1889 it was moved to its present magnificent quarters in the west end of the Capitol. Its new equipment illustrates what may be done for readers besides furnishing them with books. By day the reading-rooms are flooded with light, and the dark places in the stacks are lighted by electric lamps, available at all hours of both day and night. Electric student-lamps supply the tables, and carefully shaded ceiling or bracket lamps light the shelves, aisles, and alcoves.

The system of heating and ventilation by electric fans is the most complete of anything in the Capitol, every detail having been studied for the comfort and convenience of readers. The library ideal is to enable a reader to do the utmost possible work in a given time, and nothing that will contribute to this end even in the slightest degree is thought unworthy of attention. While the floors are of polished oak or tile to avoid dust and secure the maximum of cleanliness, the aisles and stairs are padded to prevent noise where there is most walking. Chairs and lamps are adjustable in height to suit tall and short. Tables are supplied with hassocks. Filtered drinking-water is stored at various convenient points in ice-packed block-tin pipes, protecting against contamination from impure ice. There are a half-dozen different sizes and patterns of arm, half-arm, and desk chairs to suit all tastes. Besides the suite of 11 reading-rooms on the main floor, there are nooks and corners by windows in the various stack and semi-private rooms where more than 100 readers needing such facilities can, by permission, have each his own table with locked drawers for his private books and papers, with room for those he is using from the library, which are so charged that any other reader chancing to wish the same books can have them almost as quickly as if they were on their regular shelves. Of the library rooms 23 are connected by electric bells and speaking-tubes with the centre, where a glass telephone-closet serves as a clearing-house for all parts of the University territory. Many rooms have direct connections; the rest by a single repetition in the telephone-closet connect with any reader or official wanted. A visitor is soon lost in the mazes of the book-rooms, which illustrate the extreme utilization of possibilities for compact and convenient storage. The architect said, "I cannot leave a place big enough for a rat in this whole territory but this new librarian will make me fix it so it will hold a book." The 30-foot stories are divided by mezzanine floors about seven and a half feet apart, so that no volume shall be out of reach. This gives from nine to 15 stories of books between the principal floor and the roof. The total capacity when all shelving definitely planned for is in exceeds 3,000,000 volumes, without interfering with the very liberal space set apart for readers. The rest of the shelving is to be added from time to time as new books demand.

Till recently 250 volumes a year was considered a large record for gifts. The regents were assured that doubling the hours of opening, and much more than doubling facilities for readers, would result in a still greater increase in gifts. While people are much less likely to think of the State than of some other library as the destination of their gifts, they are sure to become interested in any institution that does most to help them in their studies. Statistics have much more than borne out this optimistic prediction. The first year of the reorganization in 1889 the gifts were 926; in 1891 they had risen to 1851; in 1892 to 2284; in 1893 to 5056; in 1894 to 5805. This does not include pamphlets, of which the average gifts have been as high as 1000 a month. A single year's additions to the shelves were 22,224 volumes and pamphlets placed in the catalogues, 4235 added to the duplicate collection, and 25,000 pamphlets as parts of serials or sequents. This 1000 per week throughout the year does not include the many thousand volumes and pamphlets deposited under the new law which makes the State library the official repository for publications of the State and of all its departments, bureaus, boards, and commissions, each of which is required to deposit five copies of each of its publications on issue, and whatever balance of copies it may not require after completing its own distribution. These are classified and preserved, and from them sets are made up for libraries in all parts of the world. When a new library is started, or an old one loses its copies by fire or otherwise, it applies to the State library to secure the needed volumes, which if not kept there would usually have long since been destroyed as waste paper. Obviously the annual additions to the State library shelves, including these State publications, exceed the whole stock of a considerable public library.

Count kept for a few days recently showed that an average of about 1300 persons a day were carried on the library elevator. This confirms the statistics kept, and what every frequenter observes, that the actual use of the library has increased more than 1000 per cent. in the past seven years.

The library now preserves and binds over 3600 sequents, including periodicals, transactions of societies, and other publications issued at regular intervals. Competent judges pronounce its law department the best in the country, and in local American history and genealogy it is hardly excelled. It is now building up medical, military, and educational libraries as specialties. Every licensed physician in the State has the right to borrow, on telegraphic order if need be, any book or periodical from the State medical library, which thus appeals to every citizen, for it is possible any day that his own physician may need to consult some work not otherwise obtainable. Similar special collections are being started on charities and corrections, agriculture and forestry, the needs of the State departments and officers being constantly kept in mind.

The efficiency of the library has been greatly increased by the addition to the staff of a legislative librarian, trained in the schools of political science and familiar with various languages, whose duty it is to assist State officers and committees and members of the Legislature in any study or to supply them with any facts which will enable New York to profit by the experience not only of her sister States, but of other nations, whenever any new question is to receive consideration.

The Capitol library—another new feature which has amply justified itself—is a lending library, free to every State employee residing in Albany or vicinity. It has the choicest books in the best editions, and the State's mechanics, porters, and laboring-men are as welcome as the clerks or officials to any assistance the library can give in finding the most entertaining or profitable reading. This collection is largely used and highly appreciated.

Not only those living at the capital now profit from the State library. A yearly increasing number of loans is made to any of the more than 700 institutions in the University, and to libraries and scholars known to be responsible. In this way, for a trifling expressage, one is often saved a long journey and heavy expense. Such care is taken in packing the books that they are seldom injured in transit. Not content with this provision, there has been added what is known as the paid help department, through which any person in New York or in any part of the world may have any service in the library for which he is willing to pay actual cost. The regents hold that they have no right to use the tax-payers' money to pay for librarians and assistants to investigate matters of purely personal concern. On the other hand, one often wishes information to be had only in a great library, which will take perhaps a half-hour to look up, yet if he chances to have no competent friend available he may be compelled to journey hundreds of miles to do this half-hour's work. The facilities of the library are free to all comers, but each is expected to carry on his own investigation, and to ask the librarians only for the necessary books or a few words of guidance. This work, done almost entirely by correspondence, is charged for at the actual cost of the assistant's time, computed pro rata according to his annual salary. If one wishes, he can have a translation made from another language, or an extract copied and verified before a notary, or certain facts dug out of the files of manuscripts. The least expensive assistant competent to do the work is assigned to it, and the charge is simply enough to prevent its being a burden on the tax-payers. Two notaries are on the staff for verifying extracts, which then, under the law, have the same force in the courts of the State as if the originals were taken from the library.

At the Columbian Exposition the international library exhibit made in the Government Building was prepared by the New York State Library School, and at the close of the exposition was returned to Albany, where it is in daily use by the students and visitors from all sections, who come to study this unrivalled collection. The model town library of 5000 volumes, also exhibited in the Government Building, was collected and catalogued in the New York State Library, which more than any other in the country has been a centre for educational work of this character. Among other awards received by the New York State Library from the exposition were the following, that suggest various interesting features which there is not space to describe in this article.

To the New York State Library:

1. For its extensive and valuable publications, and for the system of bulletins making the resources of the library known, and serving as a guide to smaller libraries in selecting, cataloguing, and classifying.

2. For its annual volumes of summaries of comparative legislation, giving clear, compact statements of every law on every subject enacted in any State of the Union during the last session of its Legislature.

3. For the extensive exhibit of blanks and forms, illustrating most efficient and economical methods of library administration.

4. For charts, tables, summaries, and indexes of the *decimal classification* used in the State library, illustrating the efficiency and economy of the system, and the co-operation in cataloguing and bibliographic work made possible by the wide adoption of the system in this country and abroad.

5. For a prompt and inexpensive method of distribution of national, State, and other desirable publications to the libraries of New York through the duplicate department, and for its general use as a clearing-house for the libraries of the State.

6. For the system of travelling libraries, by which any community may borrow from the State for six months a carefully selected library, either general or on subjects of special interest to that locality, with annotated printed catalogues and suitable cases and charging systems, thus increasing the efficiency of State aid by the itinerant principle which gives each community at a minimum cost a fresh library twice each year.

To the New York State Library School:

1. As the first school in the world established for the professional training of cataloguers, librarians, and assistants in the most approved methods of library work, and for the comparative study of library economy and bibliography.

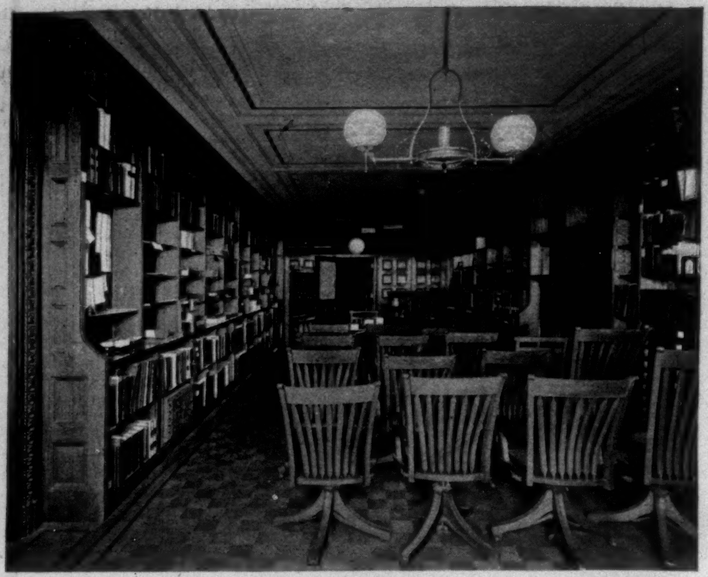
2. For the system of giving instruction and advice from the State Library School, personally and by correspondence, to those interested in the establishment or improvement of any free library of the State.

The Library School has passed its experimental stage, and is known the world over for the influence it has exerted in raising the standard of librarianship, and affording practical training to the most promising candidates. Of more than 1600 who made initial application during five years, the school was able to admit less than 100. It has drawn students from Germany, Sweden, and England, and from nearly every State in the Union, and in its classes Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, University of Michigan, Amherst, Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Bryn-Mawr, and many others of the best colleges are represented by their graduates. The hand-book describing its methods is sent for daily by inquirers from all parts of this country, and often from abroad. Already nearly a dozen of its graduates are engaged elsewhere in teaching classes the elements of what is now recognized as a new profession. The latest marked compliment to the library has come from the International Institute of Bibliography, recently organized to promote more efficient bibliographic work among the leading civilized nations. Their committee, appointed to examine systems in use among the various nations and recommend a uniform system of classification as the basis for this work, reported last summer that it found the decimal classification as used in the New York State Library to be most widely adopted, and also to be most practically useful. At the recent international congress held in Brussels this committee made its report, and after very full discussion the cable announced the unanimous adoption by the congress of the decimal classification for this international use. This has been followed by similar adoptions by a series of scientific, literary, and other societies and periodicals in different countries.

LOAN DESK.

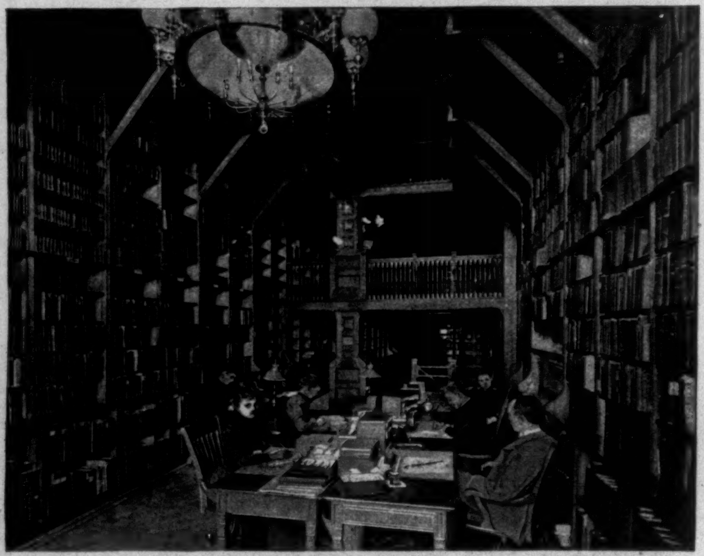
Visitors and students would usually be most impressed, and justly, with the public libraries division and its great system of travelling libraries, of which the regents have now between 200 and 300 moving about the State, and doing greater work for the money expended than has ever before been found possible in any State system. Visitors from other States familiar with different plans for encouraging the formation of public libraries, or improving their administration, uniformly agree that New York has this work more thoroughly organized, and is accomplishing more with its appropriation, than any other State. A travelling library has already in many cases led to the formation of a permanent public library in a locality that had thought it quite beyond its powers. It is a great event to a little hamlet where the best books seldom reach to receive from the State library, in attractive oak cases, 100 of the choicest books published, in the best editions, and free to every man, woman, and child. The enthusiastic reports from many places of the effect on the community of these travelling libraries are an inspiration to those who recognize that a good library administered in the spirit of modern librarianship is indeed the people's university.

CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE LIBRARY.



BIBLIOTHECAL MUSEUM AND LIBRARY SCHOOL LECTURE-ROOM.

STATE MEDICAL LIBRARY.



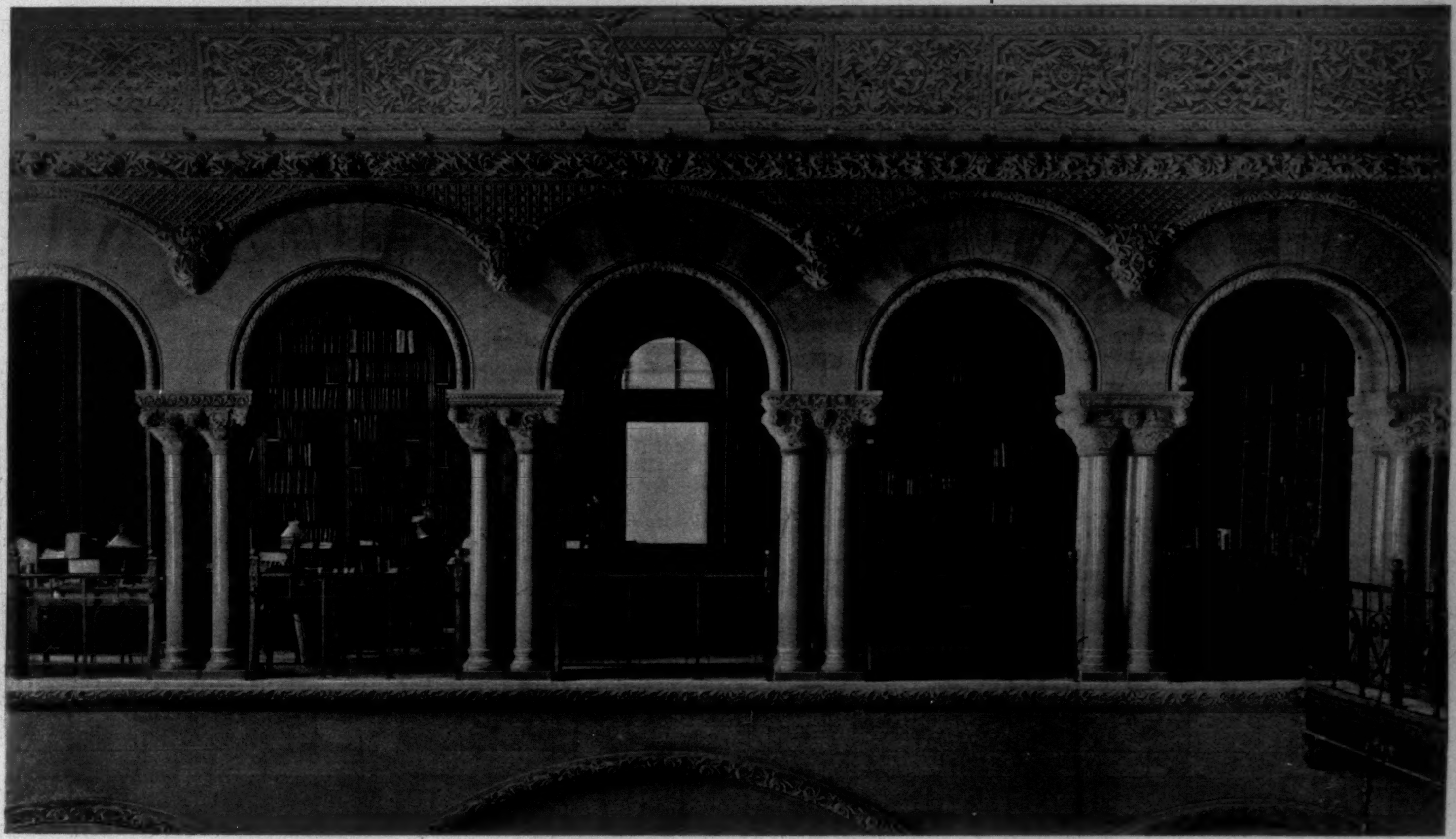
HISTORY AND GENEALOGY ROOM.

CENTRAL READING-ROOM, LOOKING NORTHEAST.

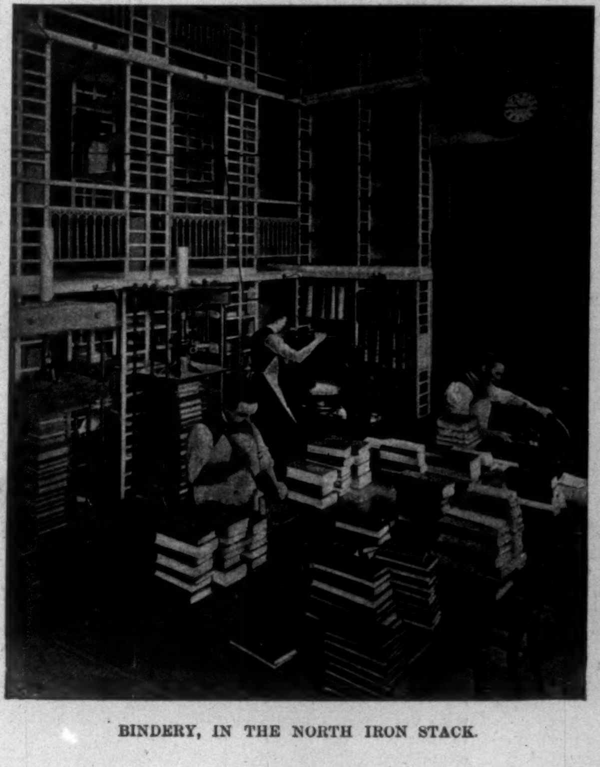
NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY IN THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.—[See Page 178.]

SECOND LAW READING-ROOM—VISTA LOOKING SOUTH THROUGH EIGHT ROOMS.

THIRD LAW READING-ROOM, LOOKING EAST—NEW YORK LAW.



UPPER NORTH ARCHES OF THE CENTRAL REFERENCE-ROOM.



BINDERY, IN THE NORTH IRON STACK.

CATALOGUE DEPARTMENT AND LIBRARY SCHOOL PRACTICE-ROOM.

NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY IN THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 178.]

THE GENEALOGY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HE WAS A LINEAL DESCENDANT OF SAMUEL LINCOLN, OF HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

New facts which are true facts touching the origin and noble life of Abraham Lincoln are invaluable contributions to history. Since the Christian era no other man has lived whose public services have so profoundly excited the gratitude of his countrymen, and so stirred their interest in the details of his career from its commencement to its close.

So far as these details are true they are more to be desired than much fine gold. False history is detrimental in proportion to the importance of its subject. Mr. Lincoln is regarded by many as our greatest American. He has inspired the ambition of the writers of much that is purely imaginative. Instead of becoming exhausted by the draughts made upon them or by lapse of time, the sources of this kind of history become more productive as he grows in the public esteem. The number of those who are touched with the *cacoëthes scribendi* grows with the passing years. These writers seem to think that the publication of a conversation had or overheard with him in some way increases their own importance. They are rushing into print with these alleged conversations in increasing numbers. Because statements made in a conversation when none but the parties to it were present cannot be contradicted by witnesses, they assume that it is safe to exploit almost any of their own inventions by giving one of these conversations as its origin. Such writers are intolerable nuisances. They are makers of false records—counterfeiters, as much deserving of punishment as the counterfeiters of the gold coin of the republic.

"If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book," was the sentence of the highest of all law-givers upon the falsifiers of history. To show that the crime of adding to or taking anything away from the truth concerning Abraham Lincoln deserves a condemnation equally severe, I will cite a single instance of such a crime. Only a few months since one of these writers published the statement that *he heard* Mr. Lincoln say that when he "was about eighteen years old *he was living in Kentucky*, and had been all winter helping a man distil whiskey"; that he received two barrels of the liquid for his wages; that he paid the freight on his whiskey, and some tobacco for which he had exchanged one barrel, by working his passage to New Orleans on a flat-boat, etc. Now, as Mr. Lincoln's biographers, and Mr. Lincoln with his own hand, had written that he was removed from Kentucky to Indiana in the autumn of 1816, when he was *only seven years* old, it is quite safe to say that at that age he had not distilled much whiskey, and that this writer never heard such a statement from Mr. Lincoln as he proposes to make historical. It is unnecessary to add that the other assertions in the same communication are equally absurd and contradictory to Mr. Lincoln's own statements. But I have given too much space to a statement which has no value except as a warning.

The genealogy of Mr. Lincoln is another subject which has produced much misrepresentation, accepted by some as the truth who ought to have subjected it to criticism.

Ever since his death a small number of writers have devoted themselves to the self-imposed task of proving that Mr. Lincoln had no ancestry—that he sprang from the shiftless class known at the South as the "poor white trash." They seem to think it a credit to themselves to establish this as a fact of history. The "poor whites of the South" are noted for their utter destitution of all mental energy; they had not the slightest desire to elevate their own condition. No man of any note ever came from their race. The claim, therefore, is that Mr. Lincoln, being the only exception ever known—the only fig gathered from this thistle—was a freak of nature, an abnormal product which came, opposed to and in spite of the laws which govern nature.

In any ordinary case the improbability of this story would condemn it. There are men, and I am of the number, whose judgment it is that the Gettysburg address is about as perfect an example of our English speech as has ever been written. Is it credible that the mind which conceived that address was an accident—a freak of nature? That would make it a miracle, and the day of miracles has passed.

I do not expect to contribute any new evidence on the subject of the Lincoln genealogy. The work of collecting such evidence has been faithfully done by others. It is in print, and not very difficult of access. But it is to be found in books and magazines exclusively devoted to the subject of genealogy, which have little popular interest, while that which tends to show that he had no ancestry is published in the newspapers which have a wider circulation and a larger circle of readers. I shall be quite satisfied if I succeed in condensing the reliable proofs—in putting them into a more simple and popular form, and in pointing out to the careful inquirer where he may find and consider the evidence for himself.

Before we enter upon the general subject let us briefly consider the probabilities. Suppose we were in search of the maker of a machine of the most exquisite finish and perfect adjustments of which materials are capable. We are shown a manufacturing establishment from which for more than a century the most skilled workmen have been turning out similarly perfect machines. Over against it is a rude furnace in which unskilled men are making pig-iron. We should not find much difficulty in deciding which of these two establishments produced the perfect machine. So here, when we find a family the ancestor of which came to our shores because he loved liberty, and desired to live under a popular government, which for more than a century has produced great generals in times of war, great judges, legislators, and statesmen in times of peace, and great soldiers for freedom and equal rights at all times, and near it a colony of "poor white trash" which never produced a man of any ability or noted for anything—should we answer haltingly when asked from which of these sources came Abraham Lincoln? One conclusion is unavoidable. If the lineage of our great American begins with a "poor white," we ought to find that poor white out and make him a known celebrity, for it was one of his posterity who restored the Federal Union and made it perpetual.

In tracing his genealogy Mr. Lincoln himself is our first witness. In a biography written by himself in 1860 (see his works, by Nicolay and Hay, vol. i., p. 638) he writes: "His father, Thomas, and his grandfather, Abraham, were born in Rockingham County, Virginia, whither their ancestors had come from Berks County, Pennsylvania. His lineage has been traced no farther back than this. The family were originally Quakers. The grandfather, Abraham, had four brothers—Isaac, Jacob, John, and Thomas." These, he says, at p. 650, same volume, "were born in Pennsylvania." In the same volume, at p. 596, he says, speaking of these ancestors, "An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like."

There was in New England a family of Lincolns whose names "fill the pages of local and commonwealth history with the story of their services in the field, the town, the halls of legislation, and the council-chamber from an early day." It furnished generals in the old French war and in the Revolution. Two of its members were Governors of Massachusetts; another was Governor of Maine. It might well have produced President Lincoln. That it did number him among its descendants has been proved by a descendant, Samuel Shackford, Esq., of the Chicago bar, in his "Lineage of President Abraham Lincoln, traced from Samuel Lincoln," which the reader will find in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, 1887, vol. xli., p. 153.

Samuel Lincoln came from Norfolk County, England, in 1637, to Salem, and on coming of age settled with others of the name in Hingham, Massachusetts. Of his ten children, Mordecai, the fourth son, was born at Hingham, June 17, 1657. He was a blacksmith by trade. He married Sarah, daughter of Abraham and Sarah (Whitman) Jones, of Scituate, near Hingham, where he afterwards engaged in the business of smelting iron. His children were Mordecai, junior, born April 24, 1686; Abraham, born January 13, 1689; Isaac, born October 21, 1691; and Sarah, born July 29, 1694. The frequency of the recurrence of the names Mordecai and Abraham in almost every generation of the family makes it important to keep these dates in mind.

The will of Mordecai Lincoln bears date March 3, 1727. It leaves legacies in money to his "son Mordecai" and "son Abraham," and to the oldest son of each when he arrives at full age. His lands and personal property are devised to the other children.

Before the date of this will, and earlier than the year 1714, these two brothers disappear from the records of Hingham and Scituate, and there is no evidence that they afterwards lived in Massachusetts. The will of their father is consistent with and the cash legacies to them seem to indicate their removal. At the date of this will the maker, who was the son of Samuel (hereinafter called the common ancestor), was an old man of threescore and ten years. His sons were in the prime of life, not yet forty years old. Mordecai, the son of Samuel, ended his life in Massachusetts, and his will was there proved. The Mordecai and Abraham who disappear from the records of Massachusetts were therefore the grandsons of Samuel Lincoln, and it is their history which we are now to follow.

In the early part of the last century there was a considerable emigration from eastern Massachusetts to New Jersey. One colony settled a town in Middlesex County, which was named from their old pastor, Rev. John *Woodbridge*. About the same time Mordecai and Abraham Lincoln first appear in the records of southern New Jersey, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and vicinity. That these brothers were the grandsons of the common ancestor Samuel, who disappeared from Massachusetts, I think the evidence proves beyond any reasonable doubt.

Mordecai Lincoln married Hannah, daughter of Richard and Sarah (Bowne) Salter, of Freehold, Monmouth County, New Jersey. John Bowne, the uncle of said Hannah, by his will dated September 14, 1714, left to her, by the name of Hannah *Lincoln*, a legacy of £250. His estate was involved in litigation, to which Mordecai Lincoln was a party, and from which he was discharged in 1720. February 9, 1720, a deed from Richard Salter conveys to Mordecai Lincoln about five hundred acres of land, and describes the grantee as of Chester County, Pennsylvania.

A deed dated December 14, 1725, from Mordecai Lincoln, of Coventry, in the county of Chester, to William Branston, of Philadelphia, conveys an undivided third of one hundred and six acres of land in said county, with the mills, *forges, furnaces, ores, and mines* thereon. This deed, of record in the Department of Internal Affairs in Pennsylvania, shows that this Mordecai was interested in the making of iron, the same business in which his father was engaged in Scituate, Massachusetts.

Since it is through this Mordecai that the pedigree of the President is traced to the common ancestor, it is desirable to identify Abraham whom we find in Monmouth County, New Jersey, with the Abraham who left Massachusetts. On this point we find that the Massachusetts Abraham was a blacksmith. There is a deed recorded in Monmouth County, New Jersey, dated February 20, 1737, from "Abraham Lincoln, blacksmith," to one Williams, of lands in Creswick. The will of Abraham Lincoln, dated at Springfield, Chester County, Pennsylvania, April 15, 1745, divides his estate among his seven children, *four of whom*, viz., Mordecai, Abraham, Isaac, and Sarah, *bear the identical Old Testament names of the four children of his uncle Mordecai of Scituate, Massachusetts.*

Several descendants of this Abraham have been members of the old Swedish Church in Philadelphia. The will of Mordecai Lincoln, of Amity, Philadelphia County, February 17, 1726, gives to his sons Mordecai and Thomas all his lands in Amity.

A deed of John Lincoln of record in the office of the Secretary of State in Trenton, New Jersey, describes the grantor as the son of Mordecai Lincoln, of Carnarvon, County of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and conveys lands which were "conveyed October 9, 1720, by Richard Salter to Mordecai Lincoln, and by him bequeathed to his said son John."

In 1758 John Lincoln sold a farm in Union Township, adjoining Exeter, in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and removed to that part of Augusta County, Virginia, which was in 1775 set off and named Rockingham County.

So far I have confined myself to the evidence collected by Mr. Shackford, exclusively from deeds and contemporary documents. It proves that Mordecai and Abraham Lincoln, grandsons of Samuel, the common ancestor, left their native town, where the father of one was an iron-founder; of the other, a blacksmith. They belonged to families which used exclusively certain Old Testament names, especially those of Mordecai and Abraham. Contemporaneous with their departure from Massachusetts, Mordecai Lincoln, an iron-founder, and Abraham, a blacksmith, appear in southern New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania, where they marry, and beget sons and daughters. They, too, are partial to Old Testament names, and especially to those of Mordecai and Abraham. One of them gives to his four children four names which are identical with the names of the four children of Mordecai Lincoln of Scituate and Hingham—a coincidence reasonable enough between closely related families, but passing all bounds of probability between strange families. I assert, without fear of contradiction by any good lawyer, that this evidence *proves* that the Mordecai Lincoln whose son John sold his farm in Union Township, adjoining Exeter, in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and went to Augusta County, Virginia, in 1758, was a lineal descendant of Samuel Lincoln who came from Norfolk County, England, to Salem and thence to Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1637.

The martyred President, whose statement no one will question, says that his grandfather Abraham had four brothers—Isaac, Jacob, John, and Thomas. His grandfather, he says, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky in 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by an Indian, leaving a widow and five children. He was a man of family at that time, and must, from the dates, have been the son of the John Lincoln who went to Virginia in 1758, and was consequently the great-great-grandfather of the President. Having shown that John Lincoln was the son of Mordecai, the last link in the chain of descent is closed in strict conformity with the President's statement.

The President's statement that both his parents came of "undistinguished families," that the "effort to identify his ancestors with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as" those I have mentioned, and that his ancestors came from Berks County, Pennsylvania, deserves some attention.

Nothing was more characteristic of Mr. Lincoln than his humility in all that concerned himself. He had given little thought to his descent. Such of his ancestors as he knew were woodsmen, Indian-fighters, and hunters, and were undistinguished. His observation of the value of the similarity of names in tracing a genealogy shows his unfamiliarity with the subject. Three of the five names he cites, Enoch, Levi, and Solomon, I do not find anywhere in the line, and if he had known that a name so unattractive as that of Mordecai was found with that of Abraham in every generation, it could have scarcely failed to make an impression on a mind so acute as his own.

He was accurate in the general statement that his ancestors came from Berks County. The Lincolns of his great-grandfather's time were men of affairs. The deeds show their ownership of lands in Monmouth and Middlesex counties, New Jersey, in Chester, Philadelphia, Lancaster, and Berks counties, Pennsylvania. Mr. David J. Nevin, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in a letter published in the New York *Tribune* of March 3, 1895, shows that there were Lincolns in Berks County, and that they were not an undistinguished family. "President Lincoln's ancestors in Pennsylvania," he writes, "were prominent people. An Abraham Lincoln of Berks County, who was born in 1736 and died in 1806, filled many public offices, being a member of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania from 1782 to 1786, a member of the State Convention of 1787, and a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1790. President Lincoln has a number of relatives still living in eastern Pennsylvania, and they are prosperous people. *David J. Lincoln*, a cousin, resides at Birdsboro, Berks County, and an article from his pen, which was published in a Lancaster newspaper, on Abraham Lincoln's ancestry, was copied by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay in their admirable biography of Abraham Lincoln.

"Abraham Lincoln, who lives in Carnarvon Township, Lancaster County, is another cousin of President Lincoln. He is about eighty-six years of age, and in general appearance is not unlike his distinguished relative, having the same large, erect, gaunt form and high cheek-bones. He is a farmer by occupation, and owns an estate called White Hall, which is located in Carnarvon Township, about two miles from the Berks County line. . . . Mr. Lincoln has never held any public office, but has always followed the vocation of a farmer, tilling the soil with his own hands. He is much respected in the community, and is a fair specimen of the industrious, prosperous, intelligent Lancaster County farmer. He is a Republican in politics, and in religion an Episcopalian."

The biographers of Mr. Lincoln, with a few conspicuous exceptions, have attributed his origin to the same New England family. Nicolay and Hay have asserted his descent from Samuel Lincoln without presenting the evidence upon which the statement is made. Mr. Arnold, in his admirable life of his esteemed professional brother and very dear friend, has briefly given his correct genealogy, and has also done justice to his devoted mother. One who reads Mr. Arnold's account of her faithful training in his early boyhood will know where he got his thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, why his name became a synonym for honesty, and why he never spoke of his mother without invoking a blessing upon her memory. Mr. Arnold believes in his lineal descent from Samuel Lincoln through an ancestral line of "rough, hardy, fearless men, familiar with woodcraft—who could endure the extremes of fatigue and exposure—who knew how to find food and shelter in the forest—brave, self-reliant, true, and faithful to their friends and dangerous to their enemies."

The descent of our martyred President from a New England family capable of producing such a man is proved by this evidence. It is no longer in doubt. No one can raise any objections to it which are worthy of consideration until he is able to point out wherein the evidence is defective. Two classes of men have been accustomed to speak loosely of Mr. Lincoln's origin, habits, and character. One class comprises men of good intentions, who revere the man, but undertake to write or speak of his history with little or no study of the authorities and the evidence, and with very little thought or reflection. Now that the repositories of the evidence are pointed out, and all may examine it for themselves, there is reason to hope that we shall have no more of this superficial and inconsiderate

writing, and that the American mind will come to rest on the solid foundations of historical truth.

From the other class nothing is to be hoped. They comprise those who think they are called to write of Mr. Lincoln because, on a few occasions, they may have followed him as far off as Peter followed the Saviour to the assembly of the Scribes and Elders—who gather up the rumors and falsehoods generated in the corrupted atmosphere of party strife, roll them like sweet morsels under their tongues, and then perpetuate them in print. To a few of these he unfortunately gave opportunity. They have repaid him by statements so incredible that to all who knew Mr. Lincoln they carry their own antidote, and in some cases the very stories contain their own direct refutation. It is impossible to conceive what motive induced the first publication of these wicked libels; equally impossible to comprehend the spirit or purpose of their frequent repetition. There is only one way to deal with them, and that is to treat them with silent contempt. We cannot prevent the wounds they inflict upon the hearts of his surviving relatives in blood, or upon the multitudes who revere and love his memory. But while a grateful posterity is erecting new monuments to his fame, it should not forget that the few who have attempted to disgrace his progenitors or soil the memory of his beloved mother were the pretended friends of Abraham Lincoln; that while the preserver of our Union shares our gratitude equally with the Father of his Country, the same full measure of our respect and affection of right belongs to the mother of Lincoln and the mother of Washington.

L. E. Chittenden.

PLATTISM NOW A MORAL ISSUE.

The opposition to T. C. Platt in the Republican party of New York city has secured a place of vantage such as it never occupied before. Opposition to Platt is now simply a question of morals. It is no longer based on personal grounds, or even on grounds of political expediency. It is deeper than the question whether the Republican party shall exist for the sake of spoils or for the sake of good government. A new issue has arisen in the party. Platt and his subordinates have forced it, unwittingly of course, upon all self-respecting Republicans. That issue is: Shall outrageous fraud—fraud that even would cause a Tammany Hall heeler to quail, if it were discovered—be condoned? Shall the Republican party of New York city and State walk in the path of honesty or dishonesty, in the path of decency or indecency?

Platt's followers have committed fraud. It may have been without Platt's direct knowledge; it has been without even his indirect rebuke. His men have padded the party rolls in New York County to make sure that there shall be no opposition to Platt in the National Republican Convention. The plan is that if the Republicans win in the general election next fall, Platt shall have undisputed sway in the distribution of national patronage, as he has now with State patronage. Out of 77,000 names on the party rolls in New York city, 25,000 have been shown to be fraudulent. Platt's followers made up those rolls. They refused to purge the rolls when the primary election for the control of the party machinery was held recently. They refused to put off the election. They also refused to delay the organization of the committee after it had been proved that gross frauds had affected its make-up. Not only were the names of Democrats placed upon the rolls by the Platt men, but the names of Tammany Hall leaders, actual members of the Tammany Hall General Committee, were found there. An alliance between Platt and Tammany Hall has always been one of the scandals of party management in New York city. The alliance would now seem to be proved beyond a doubt. In eleven Assembly districts the names of more than 1500 Democrats have been discovered on the rolls, and of these 1500 nearly 500 are the names of Tammany Hall committeemen. These names could not have got on the rolls without the direct and active assistance of the Platt men who had control of the rolls.

"What are you going to do about it?" asks the spirit of Spoils as it stalks through the Republican ranks. "Is it possible that you will antagonize the candidacy of Governor Morton for the Presidency? He 'commands universal respect' and 'is admirably equipped for the Presidency.' Are you going to put in jeopardy Republican success in a Presidential year for the sake of a few scruples about honesty? Do you mean to bolt?"

SOMETHING FOR GOVERNOR MORTON TO CONSIDER.

The answer to this question concerns the political careers of two men far more closely than it does that of those to whom the question is addressed. One of these is Governor Morton. The other is Platt. The problem for Governor Morton to solve is whether he can afford to go before the country as a candidate for the Presidency handicapped with the issue of Platt and the supremacy of Platt. If Governor Morton should be nominated for President he must know that Plattism would become, by the very force of circumstances, chief among the issues of the campaign. Platt, as well as sound money; Platt, as well as the tariff—would be heard from one end of the country to the other. Despite Governor Morton's protests that he would be President if elected President, the people would be face to face with the question whether the national patronage should be turned over to Platt, to be used as his treachery, vindictiveness, or ambition (not his public spirit, if such exists) might see fit.

Platt's future is directly concerned with these frauds in the party rolls, and the question of a bolt in the Republican party on the ground of common honesty lies more with him than with those who oppose him. The logical outcome of the situation is an opposition Republican organization. It is not going beyond the bounds of probability, and it is no violation of the confidences of those who are in this newest and this morally strongest fight ever made against Platt, to say that a contesting delegation from the Congress districts in New York County will be sent to the St. Louis convention if Platt and his followers do not change front. This delegation will consist of men of national reputation. If they are for Governor Morton for President they will be for him long after Mr. Platt, in his reach for spoils, has deserted him. The Governor refused recently to interfere in the struggle for decent methods in party management in New York city, but it will be for him to consider what may be the effect upon the delegates of other States at St. Louis of twenty or more contesting delegates from this State protesting, in the name of common honesty, against the methods of Governor Morton's chief supporter.

Platt has schemed long to capture the party machinery in New York city. His work in securing control of that of the State is well known. He was baffled alone in the city. Three years ago he sent for John E. Milholland. He wanted to overthrow the city organization, then known as the Patterson machine. He inspired Milholland directly to get up a bolting organization. A Committee of Thirty, known as a Union League Committee, set out at the same time to secure decent party management. Platt promised Milholland that he would see that the State Committee would recognize his faction. The pace got too hot for Platt, and, opportunist as he always is, he made terms with the Patterson crowd, and both the Milhollandites and the Committee of Thirty men found themselves sitting outside in the cold, the Milhollandites especially a victim to Platt's treachery. He sacrificed close ties of loyalty and personal friendship to gain his end. That end was, as all of Platt's aims have been and probably will be, spoils. Governor Morton may be able to testify more about this subject next July than at present.

Then came a Republican victory in the State, which, in the first flush of enthusiasm, Platt ascribed to Providence. He had led the party to defeat for more than ten years, and had learned to play for a division of the spoils with Tammany as his reward rather than to strive for victory. The revolt against Tammany came, as every one knows, in spite of Platt, and then Colonel Strong was elected Mayor. Platt and his cohorts moved on him and demanded practically a violation of the platform on which he was elected. Platt wanted to be the real Mayor of New York. The Platt men offered to show the Mayor how easy it was to be treacherous to the people. He refused to listen. Then they hounded him day and night. They made him feel the necessity of playing politics himself to defeat them, and then they had him. He could not play politics with them, because he could not stoop to their methods. They drove him into recognizing the anti-Platt faction, and then they set up a howl that he was injuring the "party," and they gathered about them all the "boys" who wanted offices and who saw no prospect of getting them. A contest arose for the control of the party machinery, and in the dust that was kicked up, aided by lies as to the Mayor's alleged promises, and in the mystery of numerous "conferences," the Platt men won by a slender majority. Mr. Lauterbach had acted as the Platt master of ceremonies. The fall campaign arrived and Tammany won. Skilfully did Mr. Lauterbach play the cards so that the burden of defeat would seem to lie on the Strong faction. He wanted to make it appear that devoted party men were so disgusted with the Strong administration that they remained away from the polls. There is no record that Mr. Platt and Mr. Croker met after election to congratulate each other, but there is no doubt that each had won a victory.

HOW THE ROLLS WERE "REVISED."

The election ended, the Lauterbach men started a movement to "revise the rolls." They did "revise" them, and they did it so shamefully that a committee of well-known citizens, headed by Edward Mitchell, and containing such men as Joseph H. Choate, General Wager Swayne, Paul D. Cravath, Elihu Root, and others, protested, and asked that the primaries be postponed until the lists could be revised honestly. The result was a refusal from the County Committee, and the subsequent election of Mr. Lauterbach as chairman by the men who championed the tainted lists. Mr. Lauterbach received 81 votes of the 132 cast, 51 committeemen refusing to vote. The Platt-Lauterbach "victory" was complete. A cry of fraud soon arose. Mr. Lauterbach then said, and he has since repeated it, that the lists would be purged, but in accordance with Platt ideas. His own election was secure.

It was known that outrageous frauds had been committed in the primaries. Twenty-five leading Republicans got together and decided that something should be done. Money was not lacking. They employed Colonel C. N. Jones, an insurance actuary of long experience, to investigate the rolls. In eleven districts which he had time to go over before the Committee of Twenty-five met he found this astonishing percentage of fraudulent names: First Assembly district, 31 per cent.; fourth district, 43; sixth, 34; seventh, 34; eighth, 22; fourteenth, 29; sixteenth, 18; twentieth, 39, twenty-fifth, 44; twenty-eighth, 30; twenty-ninth, 14. It was found that in 360 of the 1381 election districts of the city the number of enrolled Republicans exceeded the vote of all the Republicans in those districts. It was also found that if the names had been purged from the rolls in the eleven Assembly districts the representation in the district conventions would have been reduced from 895 to 613. It was also found in these eleven Assembly districts that 1593 Democrats were enrolled, and that 486 of these were Tammany Hall committeemen. In every district there were found not only the names of dead men, those who had removed from the districts, Democrats, and "sundry others," but the names of hundreds of fictitious persons.

The County Committee refused to heed the petition not to reorganize until after these frauds had been inquired into. The Committee of Twenty-five enlarged itself into one of Five Hundred, and on Thursday night, January 30th, met to listen to the report as to the investigation of the frauds and to take action. It was decided to send a memorial to the State Committee asking that no primaries for the election of delegates to a State or to district conventions to nominate delegates to the St. Louis convention be held until the wrongs of the fraudulent enrolment "be redressed." The indictment of these wrongs is contained in this excerpt from the committee's report—an indictment such as was never brought in New York Republican councils before:

"The general conclusion drawn from the investigation, and from which the evidence leaves no possible avenue of escape, is that the men in control of the county organization have devised and carried through a deliberate scheme of wholesale fraud, intended to secure for themselves, without regard to the will of the majority of the Republican voters, the absolute control of the organization and of the delegations from this city to the national and State conventions. The frauds were not sporadic. They were so general throughout the city, the methods were so similar, and the work was so skilfully concentrated at the points where it would most surely accomplish its purpose, that the proof of a carefully prearranged plan is irresistible....

"Another most significant conclusion, amply sustained by our investigation, is that the men who had charge of the scheme for the wholesale padding of the Republican rolls and the debauching of the primaries, received deliberate and systematic co-operation from the local Tammany Hall leaders. In the districts where the padding was the worst it was found that in almost every election district one or more members of the Tammany Hall General Committee, or of the Tammany Hall District Committee, enrolled themselves as Republicans and brought with them a band of Tammany followers, varying in numbers according to the varying necessities and opportunities of the case. This work upon the part of the Tammany Hall leaders was done with such method and such important results that we cannot escape the conclusion that it was the deliberate purpose of those in control of Tammany Hall to lend their active aid and co-operation in carrying through the fraudulent scheme to perpetuate the power of those now in control of the Republican party machinery in this city."

All this is the legitimate outgrowth of Plattism. In his desire for power the "Easy Boss" has overreached himself. He has not only showed but has proved that there is no difference between his methods and Croker's. "Get the offices, get the offices," is the cry of each. Their motives are practically the same. It is their aim to build up political machines by the use of government patronage to their own personal advantage. The belief is general that Platt, at least, has always spent all the money that has come to him through his grip on the party machinery. It is a common charge, however, that he has taken corporations by the throat and has forced political "contributions" from them. Croker gets credit for doing and having done the same. The political methods of these two men are identical. Whatever difference there may be between them is simply one of degree. Not once in their careers has there been a note of genuine regard for the public good. There has been no manifest desire in either to reduce public burdens by abolishing useless offices or by practising economy in public expenditures. Platt government and Croker government are synonymous terms. They both mean official corruption, because they both exist simply for spoils.

EXPLANATION OF PLATT'S METHODS.

Platt's political methods are to be interpreted along three lines: First, ambition for supremacy in his party—a legitimate ambition if honest methods are used; second, hatred of reform and of good government, because they interfere with spoils, without which, according to his theory, parties cannot exist; third, personal vindication—something that he has striven for ever since the "Me Too" days of Conkling's rule.

Platt's ambition to rule the party has led it to defeat after defeat. Finally Republican success came because Democratic misrule could not be tolerated longer. Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss said recently that Platt has meant "rule or ruin" always. He has "ruined" in the State until there is practically no one to oppose him, and now he has begun similar tactics in New York city. It is now a question with city Republicans whether he should not be "ruined" instead of the party, if he insists on ruling by fraud.

Platt's opposition to reform, or to legislation solely for the public good, is not only to be seen in his attitude toward Mayor Strong, but in his entire political career. He has absolute control of the Legislature this year, as he had last year. What did he do last year for the people? Ballot reform was wrung from him, but not until he had made it an agent in fixing tighter than ever the grip of party machinery on the body-politic. He refused to give New York city police reform. He refused to take the schools out of politics. He still refuses to give these reforms. He is now dealing with the excise question, not on a broad principle, but on the basis of votes and from the aspect of political blackmail. He is planning to rush a Greater New York bill through the Legislature for the sole purpose of increasing his political pickings. In short, he is making precisely the same blunder that Hill, Sheehan, and Murphy made—that of thinking offensive partisanship is popular with the people, and that the "boys" are really the people. Even should there be no bolt against Platt, there can be no doubt that he and his followers are heading straight for the precipice over which Hill, Sheehan, and Murphy plunged with Maynard.

When we consider Platt's desire for personal vindication we come nearer to the real Platt than at any other time. Ridicule has cut him to the quick. He can never forget the "Me Too" gibes when he resigned from the Senate with Conkling. To get back into the Senate would, of course, be a vindication, and there are indications that he may have to resort to such a move to secure the certificate of public approval that he craves. But to be Secretary of the Treasury would be a greater vindication. He has made no secret of his ambition in that direction. Time and again he has told his lieutenants of this ambition. There are immense contracts and other superb opportunities in the Treasury for playing politics, and Platt knows them all. It would be a pity, his followers think, if he should finally have to take up with the Senatorship and its petty control of the national patronage in New York State.

And yet Platt went through the form of intimating, in an interview with himself which he had published on January 27th, that he was not a candidate for any office under a national administration. He was careful not to say so directly. In the same interview he declared that the present reform administration in New York city is "a thousand times more disgraceful" than that of Tammany Hall was. This reveals Platt's high opinion of Tammany. No one but a child or an insane person would believe such a statement. To be as bad as Tammany would be terrible indeed, but that reform government is a thousand times more disgraceful! Bosh!

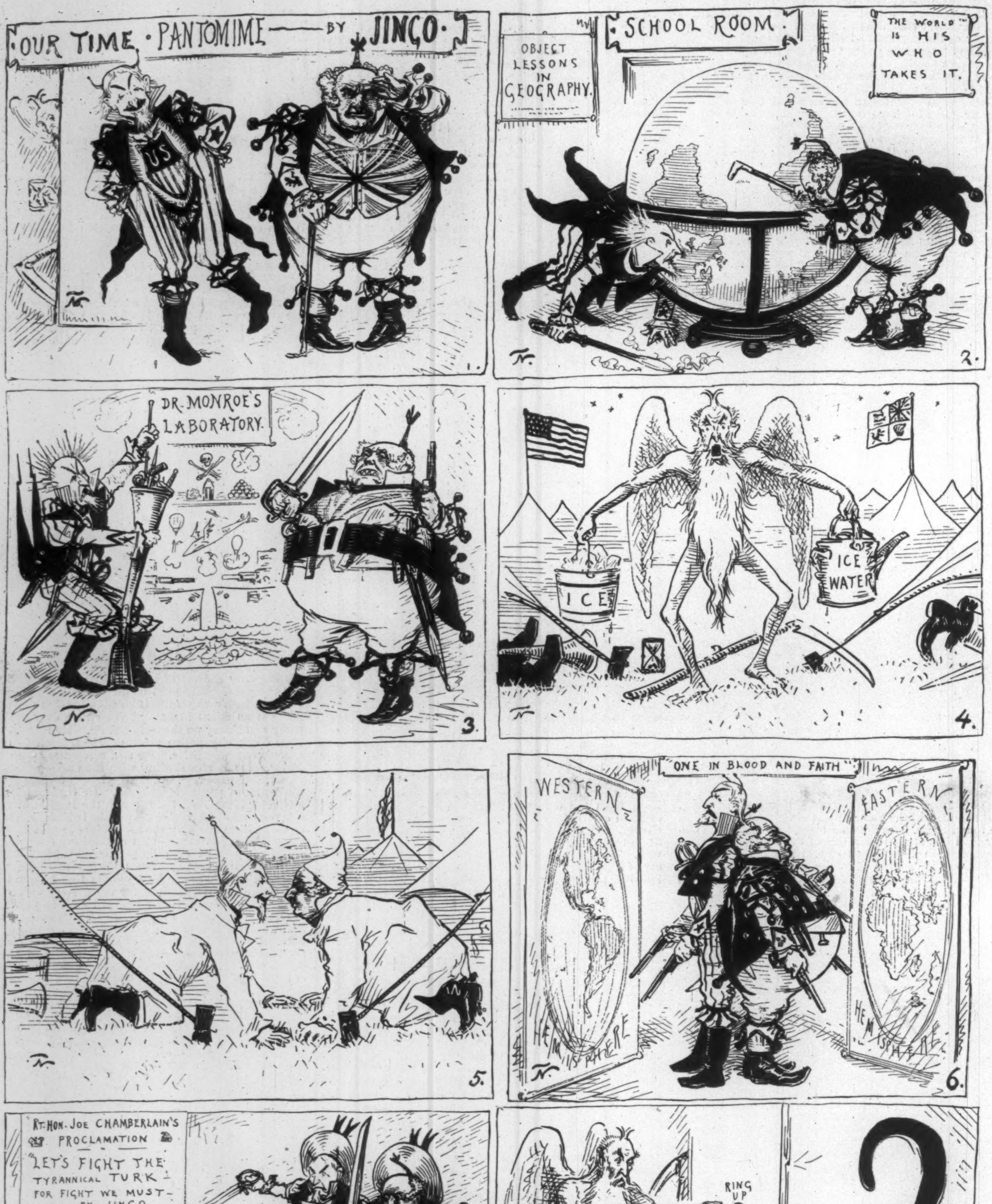
It is the man who uses such absurd and exaggerated language who declares that his interest "in politics consists only in my ardent and heart-felt desire for the triumph of Republican principles." And we can take it for what it is worth when this man places his hand over his heart, raises his eyes toward Heaven, and with a low-pitched voice makes this reference to the Deity in connection with party management:

"And I propose to labor for Republican success with such ability as the Maker has endowed me so long as He shall give me life."

Commenting on the presumption of Platt to lead the Republicans by reason of supremacy gained by fraud, the chief Republican newspaper in opposition to him said recently that he and his followers had no more right to such a place than Croker would have in calling a Republican convention to order, or "Paddy" Divver in preaching in Dr. Parkhurst's pulpit.

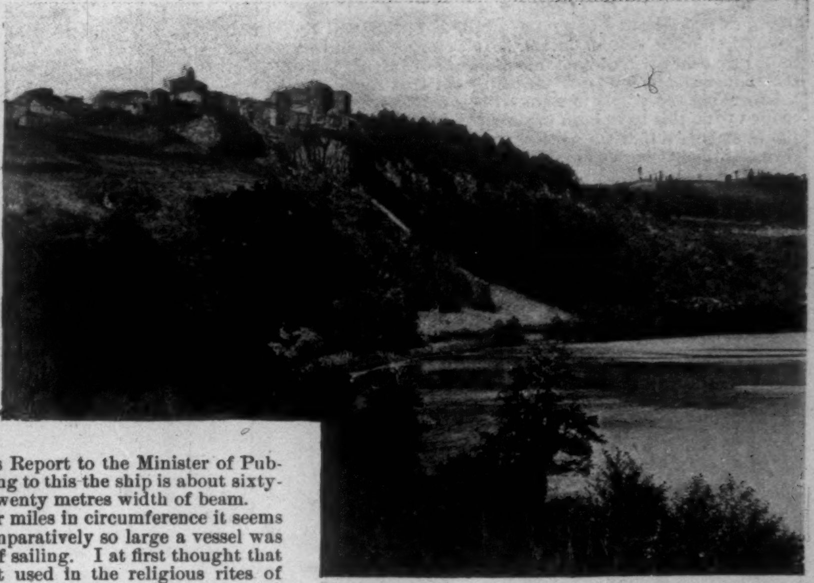
Plattism truly has become an issue in morals.

Franklin Matthews.



THE GREAT PANTOMIME NOW ON THE BOARDS AT THE BRITISH COLONIAL OFFICE.
JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, STAGE-MANAGER.

BRONZE MOORING-HEAD.

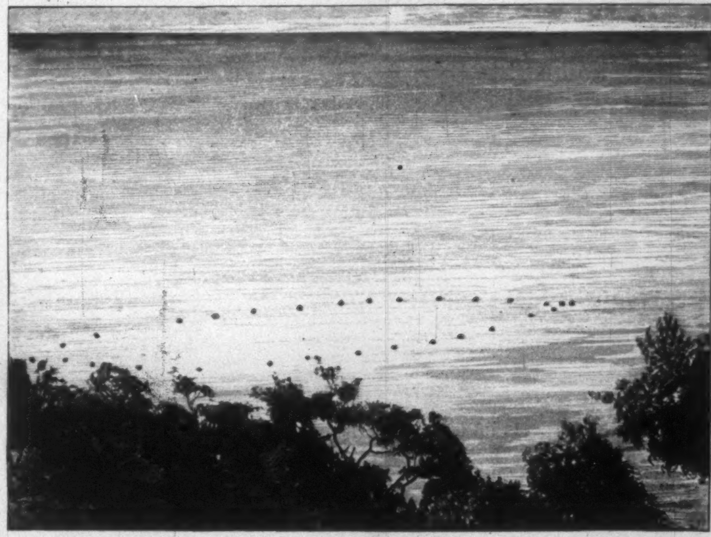


LAKE OF NEMI, SHOWING THE TOWN OF GENZANO.

AN ANCIENT HOUSE-BOAT.

MUCH excitement has been caused this winter in the archæological world, and beyond it, by the discovery in the Lake of Nemi, near Rome, of an ancient ship which has been resting quietly for many centuries below the smooth surface of this isolated mountain lake. Within the last few weeks the severity of the weather in Italy has forced the excavators (or rather the divers) to suspend their work, which, I am assured, will be resumed with greater vigor and energy in the coming spring.

With the consent of Prince Orsini, to whom the lake itself belongs, Mr. E. Borghi, under the supervision of the government director, Professor Barnabei, and his assistant, Count Cozza, the work has been vigorously pushed forward since last October. Regular divers have been employed from the harbors of Spezzia and Genoa, and the results of their efforts have not only been highly satisfactory from an archæological but also from an artistic point of view. For not only has it been shown that there is such a ship at the bottom of the lake, which promises to throw considerable light upon ancient naval architecture, and some striking customs in the life of the ancient Roman emperors, but, also, some of the adjuncts and ornaments of this ship are of striking beauty, and will form a great addition to our means of appreciating the artistic work of this period of Roman antiquity. We can hardly tell where the work will end, for the last report of the divers when I visited the site was that there was a second ship near the one they are now examining, and there are some rumors afloat, current among the fishermen, that there is a third one in the lake.



FLOATING CORKS MARKING THE OUTLINE OF THE SHIP.
After a Photograph.

Among archæologists, as is usually the case when such discoveries are made, there was considerable discussion as to the nature of the object deposited on the bottom of the lake. While the excavators themselves were firm in their belief that they had to deal with a huge ship, other authorities made objections to this view, not without some foundation in probability, and maintained that it was merely an ornamental pier; while others, again, held the view, first expressed many years ago by the archæologist Nibby, that the objects in question came from a villa which, according to Suetonius, Julius Cæsar had built on the shores of the Lake of Nemi.

This question has been finally settled by means of an ingenious device of Professor Barnabei's, by which he could prove *ad oculos* that the object below the water was a ship and nothing else. For all the assurances of the divers as to what they saw more than twenty feet below the surface could not convince the sceptical archæologists. And so the divers were sent down with separate ropes, to the upper end of which large floating corks were attached. These separate pieces of rope they were ordered to fasten at regular intervals on the side of the object which lay at the bottom. The result was that the outline of this object was clearly designed on the surface by means of the floating corks. This was then photographed from the shore, and thus the most sceptical archæologist had presented to his eye the elongated form belonging to a ship, with its definite line of bow and stern. This photograph is here reproduced from the publication of Professor Barnabei in his Report to the Minister of Public Instruction. According to this the ship is about sixty-eight metres long, with twenty metres width of beam.

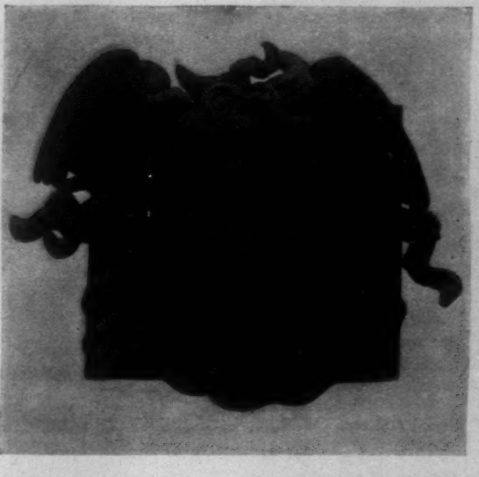
On a lake of barely four miles in circumference it seems absurd to think that comparatively so large a vessel was meant for the purposes of sailing. I at first thought that it was some sacred boat used in the religious rites of Diana, whose temple was on the shore of this lake, the remains of which have been discovered in the place now called *Giardino*, on the banks, not far from the spot where the ship is embedded. Such a ship would then be used in sacred processions about the lake. The fact that, as I was told, only bronze was used for nails and clamps and for other purposes in the construction of the ship confirmed the opinion of its sacred use, for iron was barred from sacred application. But since then I have myself seen objects of iron which were brought up by the divers. When I further examined the numerous objects which were brought to light from within the hull itself, fragments of beautiful pavement of mosaic in *smalto*, colored stones and glass, the elaborate arrangement of leaden water-pipes, bronze gratings, seats and tables, etc., I felt more and more convinced that we here had to deal with a ship that served as a floating house—a comfortable and luxurious summer abode; in fact, the ancient representative of the modern house-boat as we see it on the Thames and elsewhere, only on the grand scale of imperial Rome.

Nor have we far to go to find the person whose luxurious imagination ordered the construction of such a floating palace. For on the leaden pipes we have the inscription,

C·CAESARIS·AVG·GERMANICI,

which, according to the epigraphical character and the use of these names, refers to the Emperor Caligula. And when, further, we recall the passages in Suetonius in which he tells us of that Emperor's maritime tendencies, not only in the pontoon bridge which he constructed between Pozzuoli and Baiæ, so that it should be like a continuation of the Appian Way, upon which to disport himself, one day on horseback and the next day guiding a triumphant chariot, and when, further, we recall the account of the splendid ship which he had built, and decorated with floating gardens, jewelled prow, many colored sails, and so constructed that he could dine upon it, surrounded by dancing and singing maidens, as he sailed along the coast of Campania—when we remember all this, we can well understand how he should have conceived the plan of building a sumptuous "house-boat" within easy reach of Rome.

If we now consider the spot in which this ship was placed, we can well understand how, with power given to carry out one's every wish, one would construct such a house-boat on this lake. In less than two hours' drive along the Appian Way, the traveller, crossing the Campagna from Rome, arrives at Albano, then Genzano, and is then transported from the heat of the city and the malaria of the Campagna to the cool and salubrious atmosphere of the Alban Hills. The coolness, beauty, and accessibility of these hills have ever been recognized for purposes of a convenient summer resort by the Romans. Not far from this spot, between Frascati and Nemi, lies the ancient Tusculum, where the elder Cato was born, and where Cicero loved to dwell in rural repose. Above Genzano itself is the villa or castle of the Sforza-Cesarani. Passing on to Ariccia and Albano, we come to Castel Gandolfo, which, since 1596, was made the summer resort of the Popes, where even Pius IX. dwelt, and which is now, together with the Vatican, admitted by the Italian government to be *exterritorial*—outside government authority. Opposite this spot the picturesque village of



HEAD OF MEDUSA—BRONZE ORNAMENTAL RELIEF.
About one foot square.

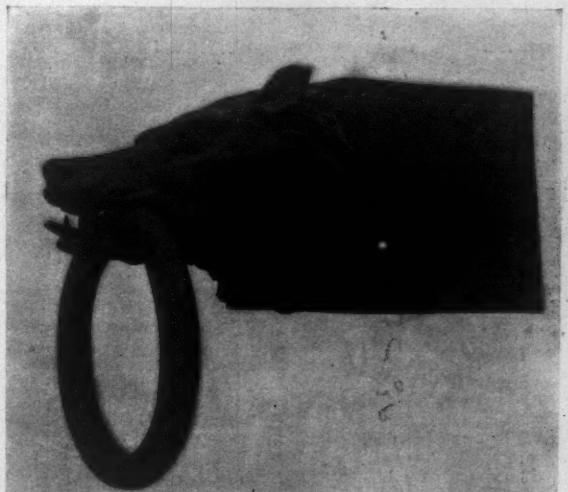
Rocca di Papa is perched high up on the slope of the Monte-Cavo, overlooking the Lake of Albano, which is larger than that of Nemi. Here there are numerous villas dotted about, while in summer the hotels are filled with Romans exhausted by the heat of the city; and these splendid villas and cottages increase as we approach Frascati.

No wonder that an Emperor chose this beautiful mountain lake, nestling in an extinct crater, surrounded by its steep though fertile banks, guarded on the one side by Genzano and on the other by Nemi, the peaceful and secluded "Mirror of Diana," as the ancients called it.

But even on this mountain lake the sun's rays strike hot in midsummer, and it is but natural that one should seek shelter from them under its steep banks. There is hardly a portion of the day in which one cannot get shade on one or the other side of this small lake. And it would thus be a most ingenious device to have a floating villa, with all the comforts and luxurious appurtenances of a country house, yet with the possibility of removing it from one side to the other, where one can find shade, and be open to any breeze which might, for the time being, pass over the hot surface of the water.

Thus it appears to me that the boat in question is such a "house-boat," which the Emperor Caligula had built for himself on this lovely lake, and had fitted up with all the splendor and artistic taste which that period of Roman art could afford. Of these fittings the bronze mooring-heads, with lions and wolves holding rings in their mouths, give an adequate idea. The style of these heads, free as they are from any of the conventional decorativeness which adheres to the architectural ornamentation of the highest period of Greek art, as late as the third century B.C., while, on the other hand, they are of a precision and care of workmanship which obtained during the empire and was lost thereafter, accords well with the time of Caligula. Perhaps the finest specimen of such bronze ornamental relief is the winged head of Medusa surrounded by snakes, which presents to us one of the finest specimens of relief-work of this period.

It is to be hoped that the zeal of the explorers will be



BRONZE MOORING-HEAD.

tempered by care, in order to bring to light in as good condition as possible, and to preserve carefully what still remains hidden under the water. It is especially to be hoped that they will discontinue the work of tearing away the timber and metal from the ship, and that some plan for bringing the whole to light will be carried out. Attempts to do this have been made centuries ago. First by the famous Leo Battista Alberti, who, at the request of the then Cardinal Colonna, constructed a machine to raise the ship in 1446. Another attempt was made in 1535 by Francesco de Marchi. Finally, in 1827, the architect and engineer Fusconi constructed another machine for this purpose. Since then, owing especially to the doubts cast upon the naval character of these remains by the archæologist Nibby, this treasure at the bottom of the lake was forgotten, until the attempts to raise it were resumed last October. There are several projects for raising the ship bodily. A suggestion is also made to drain the lake for the time being, and then to carry on the work. Whatever plan is adopted, let us hope that this interesting vestige of ancient Roman life will be restored to us in good condition. CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. EDWIN F. UHL, who succeeds Mr. Runyon as ambassador to Germany, has been well known in his own part of the country for a good many years, but the acquaintance with him of Eastern people not especially versed in politics dates from the *Allianca* incident. When the *Allianca* was fired upon by a Spanish man-of-war the President was out of Washington, Mr. Gresham was sick, and Mr. Uhl, as Assistant Secretary of State, was the responsible head of the State Department. He took prompt action, which was very favorably regarded by most of his countrymen, and the opinion was generally expressed that "that young fellow in the State Department" had handled an important piece of business effectually and with excellent judgment. Mr. Uhl, however, is not "a young fellow," but a man of mature years and large experience. He was born in New York in 1841, but was taken when a

EDWIN F. UHL.

child to Michigan, and grew up in that State, and was educated in its schools and State university. He began to practise law in 1866, and went to Grand Rapids. There he became a leader of the bar, and was twice Mayor of the city. In 1894 he was nominated for Senator, but after the fall elections in Michigan there was but one Democrat in the Legislature, so there was nothing to hinder Mr. Uhl from acceding to the President's desire that he should be Mr. Quincy's successor in the State Department. His appointment as ambassador is popular both in this country and in Germany. He is of German descent, and doubtless speaks the German language, and his personal circumstances are understood to be such that he will not be embarrassed by the unwillingness of Congress to make the salaries of ambassadors commensurate with their rank.

It is to be wished that the facts about the career of the late Harry Howard, of New York, might be brought to the attention of as many as possible of those folks who insist that we need a war every thirty years to keep the moss from gathering on our characters. Harry Howard was disabled just before the civil war broke out, and got no chance at other hostilities than street fights. He made his reputation in piping times of peace, as a New York fireman, and it was a reputation worth having, and based on fine qualities of manhood and a long and honorable list of gallant actions. The story of his life is full of romance and adventure, beginning in the preliminary stages of his infancy, when he was left in charge of Mrs. Sarah Howard by two mysterious strangers, who capitalized him with $300 in money, and said they would call and get him in the spring. They never called, and Mrs. Howard adopted him, and she must have raised him well, for he grew up temperate, honest, generous, and of a superlative courage. From the time he was fourteen years old until his death he lived in the Sixth Ward of New York. He got a limited amount of book education, and learned the trade of cabinet-making. In 1840, being then eighteen years old, he joined a volunteer fire-engine company, with which he had already had affiliations, and his career began. The company's house was in Chrystie Street near Canal. In the course of ten years he came to be foreman of this organization, which he left to become foreman of the Atlantic Hose Company in Elizabeth Street. While foreman of that company he was elected to the Assembly, and later to the Board of Aldermen. In 1856 he was appointed Receiver of Taxes, and in 1857 Chief Engineer of the New York Volunteer Fire Department. In running to a fire the following year he was stricken with paralysis. That crippled him, and in 1860 he resigned from the department, but continued to serve the city in less hazardous capacities for many years afterwards. It is said that while he was a fireman he saved more than one hundred lives by his personal efforts. It is told of him, too, that he never used spirituous liquor or tobacco, and never rode on street cars. He never married. The story about that, and it seems to be well authenticated, is that when he was about thirty he was engaged to be married to a young woman, who threw him over for some reason unknown. He never changed his mind about her, for after courting her all the balance of his days he left her most of his property by will. She never married either.

There seems to have been remarkably strong, sound stuff in Harry Howard. Unless his obituarians have drawn with exceptional freedom on their fancies, he was as fine a type of a popular hero as the romance writers could desire. Rough and ready courage is a fine quality in itself, but joined to temperance and fidelity it makes for something very like heroism. Harry Howard gave $1000 in 1885 to the Fireman's Burial Fund, and $1000 in 1890 toward the Fireman's Home at Hudson. He laid the corner-stone of the Home in 1892, and made the address at the dedication of the building. He was the last surviving chief of the old Volunteer Fire Department of New York, and he had a much larger and more enthusiastic funeral than any reader of this department is likely to enjoy.

Persons who are tempted to move from small towns to greater ones in order to advance the interests of their children are respectfully invited to pause and consider the experience of the late Lady Wilde, who moved from Dublin to London in 1870, after the death of her husband, to further the education of her two sons. It was furthered, but neither of the young men came to any good. Lady Wilde's end was bleak enough, poor woman, but she had much lively and joyous experience in her day. Her father was Archdeacon Elgee; her husband was Sir William Wilde, a distinguished eye and ear doctor; and she herself was reckoned as about the cleverest Irish woman of her day. She was an ardent patriot, and the vigorous patriot articles she wrote for the *Irish Nation* were thought to have helped to get its editor tried for treason. She wrote good verse too, and her social and conversational gifts made her house in Dublin, and afterwards in London, a centre of life and intellectual exchange. If her solicitude for brilliant careers for her boys had been somewhat more restrained she might perhaps have been less an object of pity in her declining years. Chicks that are worth hatching usually break out of their own shells when they are ripe. Environment is only a sort of poultice, after all, and what the more searching species of it bring out depends upon the quality of the subject.

The new Röntgen method of seeing through a millstone excites more interest every day. The doctors are the most interested in it. Even the best guessers in a profession where guess-work has reached its highest development prefer certainty to hypothesis, and are most eager to see through everything and everybody, and make sure beforehand as to just what ails the sick. Medical sensations do not always fulfil their first promise, but at present the Röntgen discovery in its application to medicine and surgery promises an extraordinary harvest of marvels. Perhaps we shall be able to have our vermiform appendices photographed before they are taken out, which in some cases will save expense, and our brains too. Indeed, at this writing many possibilities strike the imagination, and among them that our friends may come to know us as thoroughly and intimately while we are still with them as though the coroner had sat upon us and the newspapers had published his report.

As long as Mr. Edwin A. Abbey finds an English environment more inspiring to his art than any that can be offered him at home, it must please his countrymen to see him appreciated where he finds it expedient to live. His reputation abroad has been growing very steadily and fast of late years, and his friends here will not be surprised, however pleased they may be, at the news which comes from London of his election as an Associate of the Royal Academy. The Royal Academy includes forty Academicians and twenty Associates, the custom being to select the new Academicians from the list of the Associates as vacancies occur.

Mr. G. G. Howland's expression of Mr. James Gordon Bennett's regret at the "enterprise" of the New York *Herald* in publishing prematurely the findings of the New York Yacht Club's investigating committee, in the matter of Lord Dunraven's charges, makes agreeable reading for every one who wants to believe that there are breaches of proprieties which even a newspaper "beat" does not excuse.

The respected *Outlook* thinks it "safe to say" that "President Cleveland was probably as much astonished himself as any one in the country at the warlike tone of his own message on Venezuela." That seems odd.

George Barnard was cashier of the Fort Stanwix Bank of Rome for twenty-one years, and in all that time he never took a vacation. Since his death his extreme assiduity has excited less wonder and much less admiration than it did while he was living.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor's difficulty with the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to interest his countrymen a good deal. The conditions of the disagreement are somewhat perplexing, but the gist of them seems to be that Mr. Cust made Mr. Astor's paper such unpleasant reading for Americans that even its owner could not find satisfaction in it. Unlike all the other newspaper men, Mr. Astor publishes his paper for fun, and when it ceases to be in sympathy with his personal feelings it ceases to have an excuse for being. Mr. Smalley might possibly edit the *Pall Mall Gazette* so that it would be satisfactory both to Mr. Astor and its other readers. Mr. James Bryce might edit it so that it would be highly respected in this country without losing its influence at home. But the job is difficult, and there are few able men who seem qualified by knowledge and experience to perform it. Mr. Astor probably doesn't want to publish an American newspaper in London, and therefore the rumor that he is looking for an American editor is fit to be taken with some salt.

There are a good many Americans who would like to see Mr. Astor sail a boat-race with Lord Dunraven. They are both perplexing gentlemen, and it would be highly interesting to see how a match between them would work out.

February 18th was the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Sallie Russell Farmer and Charles Carleton Coffin. They had a golden wedding reception in the afternoon and evening of that day at their home in Brookline, Massachusetts. The beginning of Mr. Coffin's work as a writer dates almost as far back as his marriage. He was born in 1823 in New Hampshire, spent twenty-one years on his father's farm, worked seven years more as an engineer, and began in 1851 to write for the Boston *Journal*. He was one of the *Journal's* war correspondents in the civil war, and again in the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866. After that he travelled round the world and sent newspaper letters back to Boston. He has published sixteen books, many of them well known, most of them for younger readers. One of the earlier of them, *Winning His Way*, was read with interest thirty years ago in *Our Young Folks* by many youths of that period. Among his later and better known books are *The Story of Liberty* and *The Drum-Beat of the Nation*.

Mr. R. C. Jackson, who has been well known for a good many years in New York as the superintendent of the railway mail service for the second district, has been promoted to be assistant superintendent. It is not usual in the mail service to promote men down stairs, but an exception was made in Mr. Jackson's case, the department desiring, in view of his protracted and efficient services, to make his labors lighter. Mr. Jackson has been in the railway mail service for thirty-two years, and is believed to know more about the details of it than any one else. His promotion, though technically it lowers his rank, is accompanied by sundry easements and privileges expressive of the appreciation and good-will of the department.

E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

THE recent refusal of Eleanora Duse to make a Chicago engagement has been made the subject of considerable rather ill-natured comment in our newspapers. The acid tone of this comment naturally suggests the sour grapes of the fable. Of course every lover of fine dramatic art here or elsewhere must be seriously disappointed at missing the opportunity of seeing one of the greatest actresses of our time. But I cannot blame Signora Duse for her decision. When she played her first engagement here she received but slight appreciation. A mere handful of people often made up the entire audience. It is true that the plays were shabbily mounted and that the support was poor; it is also true that the Italian language is not familiar to any considerable number of our theatre-goers. But the real reason for her failure must be sought in a lack of "enterprise" on the part of her managers. The arts of puffery were not employed in heralding her advent or in keeping her name before the public while here. She came without a menagerie; her gowns were not of a nature to encourage "dramatic criticism" of the type most approved by journalism; she had no blandishments for the interviewer. She simply gave us a series of the most vital characterizations ever seen upon our stage, and naïvely supposed this to be all that was required of her. It is a melancholy truth that no foreign actor unacquainted with the English language can hope by legitimate means to attract large audiences in this city, cosmopolitan as we are. By the illegitimate means at the command of the shrewd advertiser such an artist may succeed once as a novelty, but hardly more than once. It has been so with Salvini, with Coquelin, with Madame Bernhardt. The first visit was in each case a great popular success, the subsequent visits relative failures. Even to a German theatre we have never given the measure of support that has for years been given by Milwaukee, which we condescendingly regard as a promising suburb a little beyond the northern limits of the city.

That peripatetic show, the Doré Gallery by name, has reached Chicago, and found a temporary home in the Art Institute, which proves that art, like misery, brings acquaintance with strange bedfellows. At all events, art has been distinctly booming here since the Doré acres of canvas have covered most of the available wall space of the institute, and the turnstiles have recorded as many as twelve thousand visitors in a single day. The painful suggestion has been made that some millionaire should purchase the entire Doré collection in order to keep it in Chicago, a consummation devoutly to be wished, I suppose, by the managers of the show, but not exactly the kind of indication of devotion to art that the serious Chicagoan would wish to be known and remembered for. There is, of course, something in the theory that the enjoyment of third-rate art is better than a lack of interest in any art at all, and even Doré may have his uses, viewed in this light. But Mr. Ruskin would not admit as much as this, and the Doré pictures have qualities quite as likely to lower the public taste for good art as to exalt it.

The Chicago newspapers have agreed to unite in putting an end to the various Cheap John devices by which they have been wont to allure the wary subscriber. They will offer no more chromos and engage in no more schemes for the free distribution of miscellaneous chattels. I gathered this information the other day from a San Francisco paper, and immediately thereafter found the same good news in a New York journal. The Chicago papers themselves are discreetly silent upon the subject, but no gaudy pictorial horrors have since accompanied the Sunday issues of such journals as I have seen, a fact which tends to confirm the report. The whole business was so undignified and provincial that its persistence has been astonishing from that stand-point alone, to say nothing of the large outlay that it must have meant. Anything like a reaction from those tendencies which have made of the American newspaper a shining mark for the contempt of every intelligent foreign observer is to be welcomed by the judicious, and will receive the applause of all those whose good opinion is worth having. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

A PAINTING by Delacroix is to be purchased by subscription and hung in the Art Museum as a memorial of the late Martin Brimmer. The loss of such a "great citizen" is a national loss. He gave freely his ripe judgment and refined taste to aid every civilizing institution in the community. There is no more difficult task set for man than the proper employment of what is called "leisure." If one is inevitably bound to a daily routine, it is not hard to keep up a semblance of respectability and to escape hostile criticism. But the most difficult and important works, such as establishing an art museum or guiding the development of a university, must be done by those who do not need a pecuniary reward. In a busy world the justification for accumulated wealth is that it permits its possessor to spend his time in civilizing his town and leavening the lump of philistinism. Such a noble task Mr. Brimmer successfully undertook.

It is to be hoped that the good people who have been shocked by the attitude of our government on the Venezuelan question will not falter in their loyalty to the Schomburgk line, even if Great Britain gives it up, as she seems likely to do, now that she has decided to submit her proofs to the American Commission.

The English Sporting League, in a letter to the *Sportsman* of the United States, says: "Sportsmen of both countries are the only men who would in ordinary circumstances be to the fore when any fighting was on hand, but a fight between Americans and British would be so wholly unnatural and unsportsmanlike that none but politicians could properly engage in it."

The wager of battle between chosen political leaders might as well be applied to modern contests as it was in the Middle Ages. The ancient leader was strong in the arm, and was on this account selected as the champion; but though the modern statesman is not usually in hard training, yet in these days of engines of war this would not matter much. The "silver Senators" could be given the posts of honor in the torpedo-boats, and Jingo orators might be chosen to lead the forlorn hopes against intrenchments. The point of honor would thus be satisfied, and the people of both nations involved kept hard at work without fear of bodily harm.

Boston has properly been chosen by Messrs. Damrosch and Lathrop for the first production of their grand opera, *The Scarlet Letter*. It was sung in English by the German Opera Company. The libretto deals with the simple elements of the story, and is a strange dramatic poem. The music shows genuine power. The modern Puritans gave the opera a very enthusiastic reception.

Why are women teachers paid less for the same grade of work than men? The woman-suffragists answer this by saying that it is because they have no vote. Others, that the present state of wages were established at a time when different conceptions of the relations of men and women in the working world obtained from those which control us to-day. Perhaps, too, the supply of women teachers is greater than the demand, and as they must be unmarried, they can live on less than a man with a family. Whatever the true reason may be for this difference, justice certainly demands that a woman should be paid as much for any kind of work as a man, provided she does it as well.

A young Wellesley undergraduate writes to a Boston newspaper suggesting that instead of the ancient and clumsy method of examination by question and answer, the brain be photographed by the kathode ray. The old method of mental inquisition ordinarily practised in seats of learning is devised to find out what the pupils do not know; but the new and scientific way will at once show what each has acquired in any branch of knowledge. By a comparison of the amount of knowledge shown by the photograph with the whole sum of knowledge upon the subject an exact result may be reached, and the student will be saved all the trouble of the examination, though the teacher is deprived of the pleasure of framing the searching questions which have puzzled so many young brains during the last few weeks of "mid-year" examinations. J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

A CURIOUS ceremony took place on Saint Blaise's day at the Church of the Jesuits. This was the blessing of the throats of children as a cure and a preventive of all diseases peculiar to that region. With its Irish and its Spanish population San Francisco is a Roman Catholic city; but, even so, this ceremony is rare, and the foreign Romanists find it new in their experience. The blessing was administered four times during the day, and hundreds of mothers brought their children to receive it. While the children knelt at the altar rail, priests holding two long tapers touched with the ends of the tapers the necks of the little ones on either side, thus ensuring them during the year against throat diseases, and curing such as already suffered from them. When in life Saint Blaise removed a fish-bone from the throat of a strangling boy, and since then his day on the calendar is kept by the ceremony of the blessing of throats, when his healing powers are supposed to live again.

An outrage which from time to time calls forth fruitless wails of indignation from the populace of San Francisco was again brought to public notice a few days ago. This is the throwing in the bay of thousands upon thousands of fresh herring in order to keep up the market price. This barbarous custom of dumping tons of fresh fish in the bay rather than allow the price to drop the fraction of a cent has been vainly attacked by the Harbor Commission. The fishermen have circumvented them by throwing their cargoes over in the middle of the bay, where the State board cannot reach them. The waste is particularly aggravating when one considers the possibility of distributing or selling such fish at low prices to the poor. It is the hope of some of the commissioners to establish an open fish market along the water-front, where fish can be bought cheaply in the same way as fruit. If the middleman could be done away with, and the fisherman deal direct with the consumer, the infamous waste would be stopped, for when the fisherman found the market glutted he would sell cheap rather than forfeit the possible nickle.

The San Francisco health report for the last fiscal year contains some interesting data, especially for strangers contemplating a change of residence to the Pacific slope. It is only just penetrating the brains of Easterners that San Francisco is one of the worst places in the world to send a consumptive. In the State itself it is now conceded that while the southern coast from Santa Barbara to San Diego is better for what are currently known as "lungers" than the Atlantic seaboard, the part of California where the consumptives' lives are lengthened, their health sometimes completely restored, is the inland southern valleys, in which Redlands, Pasadena, and Riverside are situated. Of the 6059 deaths in San Francisco in the last year, 1080 were due to consumption and 492 to pneumonia. There were in the same year 119 suicides, of which 105 were men and 14 women. Two out of every three victims of suicide were between thirty and forty years of age, the largest number being Americans, Germans second, and Irish third. Women in San Francisco set a higher value on life and take better care of themselves than men, for not only do five men commit suicide to one woman, but of the 211 people who died by accidents in 1895, 189 of them were men and 22 women. The report of the almshouse shows that of the 796 people who were admitted during the last year 570 were foreigners, 237 were widowers, and 93 widows. Altogether the health report seems to justify San Francisco in its oft-repeated asseveration that its womankind are well treated and well cared for. G. B.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

STARVED TO DEATH

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADD 20 drops of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to every glass of impure water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DISFIGURING HUMOURS

Prevented by

Cuticura SOAP

When All Else Fails

CUTICURA SOAP purifies and beautifies the skin, scalp, and hair by restoring to healthy activity the CLOGGED, INFLAMED, IRRITATED, SLUGGISH, or OVERWORKED PORES.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

GOLD SEAL = CHAMPAGNE

EXTRA and SPECIAL DRY.

URBANA, - - - N. Y.

Syrup of Figs

has in use proven itself one of the greatest of factors in producing a clear, clean skin, and, therefore, a perfect complexion. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Agreeable

Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headache, Racking Colds, or Fevers.

Syrup of Figs

Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it. Permanently curing constipation and its effects.

Mild and Sure

Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

MANUFACTURED BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

For sale by all Druggists.

MEMORY LOST CAN BE Regained! Ask of Box 788, New York. How?

Arnold Constable & Co

Men's Spring Woollens.

English, Irish, and Scotch Suitings, Mixtures, Checks, and Stripes.

Dress Worsteds,

Black and Blue Diagonals. "Clay's" Serges and Thibets,

Golf and Bicycle Tweeds.

Whipcords and Corduroys for Riding-Breeches.

Covert Coatings,

Russian Crash,

White and Colored Ducks.

Broadway & 19th st.

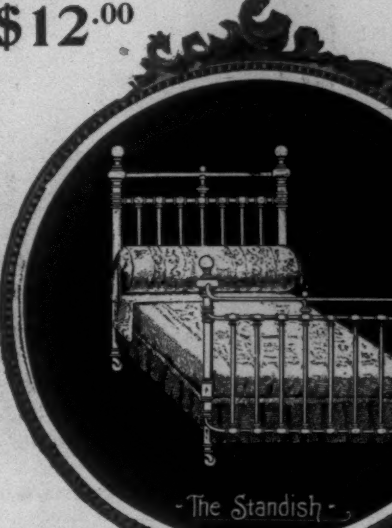
NEW YORK.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.

Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

$12.00



A Dainty Bed FOR Cosy Homes.

Made of white enameled steel, with brass rods and ornaments and our Patent Removable Castors.

Delivered Free

with good woven wire spring, upon receipt of price, to any R. R. Station in N. E. or as far as N. Y. City.

FREE CIRCULAR.

Our name on foot-rail is a guarantee of quality.

(State width, 3 ft., 3 ft. 6 in. 4 ft. 4 ft. 6 in.)

American Bedstead Co., Westboro, Mass.

New York Salesroom, 260 Canal St.

THE CELEBRATED

PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist

SOHMER

PIANOS and the refined musical public

NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine S-O-H-M-E-R Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.

NO line in the world equals the New York Central in the comfort and speed of its trains and the beauty and variety of its scenery.

In the opinion of a prominent English expert, the New York Central possesses the most perfect system of block signals in the world.

8¾ hours, New York to Buffalo; 9¼ hours, New York to Niagara Falls; 24 hours, New York to Chicago; 21¼ hours, New York to Cincinnati; 29¾ hours, New York to St. Louis, via the New York Central.

The most comfortable route to St. Louis is the New York Central.

The best line to Cincinnati is the New York Central, through Buffalo and Cleveland.

The direct line to Niagara Falls is the New York Central.

Travelling by the New York Central, you start from the centre of the city of New York, and reach the centre of every important city in the country.

THE EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES.

Assets Dec. 31, 1895	$201,009,387.84
Reserve on all existing policies calculated on a 4% standard, and all other Liabilities	160,385,376.11
Undivided Surplus, on a 4% standard	$40,624,011.73

Outstanding Assurance Dec. 31, 1895	$912,509,553.00
New Assurance written in 1895	132,078,530.00
Proposals for Assurance Examined and Declined.	22,648,495.00

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

DIRECTORS.

H. B. HYDE, President.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

LOUIS FITZGERALD,
HENRY A. HURLBUT,
HENRY G. MARQUAND,
WM. A. WHEELOCK,
MARCELLUS HARTLEY,
H. M. ALEXANDER,
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
CORNELIUS N. BLISS,
THOS. D. JORDAN,
CHARLES S. SMITH,
JOHN SLOANE,
HORACE J. FAIRCHILD,
LEVI P. MORTON,
GAGE E. TARBELL,
MARVIN HUGHITT,
FRANK THOMSON,
GEORGE J. GOULD,
SAMUEL M. INMAN,
Sir W. C. VAN HORNE,
CHAS. B. ALEXANDER,
EDWARD W. LAMBERT,
JOHN J. McCOOK,
WM. ALEXANDER,
JAMES H. HYDE,
HORACE PORTER,
JOHN A. STEWART,
JACOB H. SCHIFF,
A. VAN SANTVOORD,
MELVILLE E. INGALLS,
THOMAS S. YOUNG,
A. VAN BERGEN,
JOHN E. SEARLES,
DAVID H. MOFFAT,
JAMES H. DUNHAM,
T. DE WITT CUYLER,
JOSEPH T. LOW,
DANIEL LORD,
HENRY R. WOLCOTT,
AUGUST BELMONT,
WM. B. KENDALL,
HENRY S. TERBELL,
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS,
GEO. W. CARLETON,
SAMUEL BORROWE,
E. BOUDINOT COLT,
DANIEL R. NOYES,
ALANSON TRASK,
BRAYTON IVES,
SIDNEY D. RIPLEY,
J. F. De NAVARRO.

The Success of the American Typewriter $8

is due to its capacity for doing the best work, and lots of it.
7500 of the **New Model No. 2** sold since last July.
It is simple, durable, and always goes.
In combination with the Duplicator 150 copies can be made in one half hour.
Send for handsomely illustrated catalogue to
THE AMERICAN TYPEWRITER CO.,
Hackett & Carhart Bldg., B'way, near Chambers, N. Y.

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

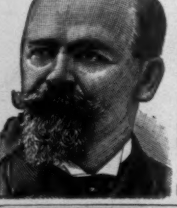
"THERE! why didn't WE THINK of that?" said a manufacturer as he noted a certain improved feature of the three New Model
... Nos. **2, 3,** and **4** ....
Smith Premier Typewriters
You'll be glad that somebody "thought of it" when you see it. Write for new Catalogue, etc.
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.
Branch offices in twenty-nine principal cities in the United States.

On the DAUGHERTY VISIBLE
You Don't Have to Think of Anything—
Simply Keep your Mind on your Work—
Writing All in Sight—All the Time—
Simplest Scale—Perfection for Tabulating.
Machines Sent on Trial. Send a Reference.
THE DAUGHERTY TYPEWRITER CO., P. O. Box 1263, Pittsburg, Pa,
AGENCIES: 112 South 6th St., Philadelphia; 150 Nassau St., N. Y. City; 142 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; 337 Main St., Dallas, Texas.

THE ONLY FAULT found with the
Shawknit Half-Hose
IS FOUND BY THE DEALER THAT SAYS "THEY WEAR TOO LONG." THEIR UNEQUALLED DURABILITY IS NOT DUE TO GOOD MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP ONLY, BUT ALSO TO
PERFECTION OF FIT.
None genuine unless stamped *Shawknit* on the toe.
Send for Descriptive Price-List. SHAW STOCKING CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Waltham Watches
Made by the American Waltham Watch Co. are the best and most reliable timekeepers made in this or any other country.
Ask to see the name "Riverside" or "Royal" engraved on the plates, and always the word "Waltham."

Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
The Perfection of Chewing Gum
And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of
Pepsin Chewing Gum.

THE DRUM IN POSITION

DEAFNESS
and Head Noises relieved by using
Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums
New, scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Offices: 101 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky. / 1122 Broadway, New York.

Use Dr. Rosell's ZEDOARY
for perspiring, tender, and tired feet. **25 cents.** All druggists and shoe-dealers. By mail. **J. K. DRAKE, TROY, N. Y.**

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "100 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

Songs. Franklin Square Collection.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to gather more features of interest into a work of this kind. Not only are many of the best songs and hymns in the English language here given—both old and new—but there are also songs and hymns for children and the schools. There are songs of home and of country, of love and fame, of heart and soul, of devotion and praise, with their sad and sweet or lively melodies, and with grand old chorals that stir the heart and lift it in worship. Besides the words and music, explanatory and historic notes are given to indicate their origin and significance. These books cannot fail to become immensely popular.—*Lutheran Observer.*

Sold Everywhere. Price, 50 cents; Cloth, $1.00. Full contents of the Several Numbers, with Specimen Pages of favorite Songs and Hymns, sent by Harper & Brothers, New York, to any address.

"EVEN SCRIBBLERS"
like smooth-marking, hard-to-break pencil leads. **DIXON'S** American Graphite **PENCILS** are best for all uses. If not sold by your dealer, send 16 cents for pencils worth double the money.
JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

HINDERCORNS,
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR
(Czar's Violets)
CONCENTRATED PERFUMES
L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 11, place de la Madeleine, PARIS

Guerlain
15, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS
Catalogue post free on application.

Most Exquisite Retail Perfumery
The elegant and fashionable Parisian World uses:
Eaux de Cologne: Hégémonienne, Impériale, Russe, Ambrée.
Scents: Baume de Violette, le Jardin de mon Curé, Vere Novo, Jadis.
Sapoceti, special soap for the face: Maréchale, Duchesse, Violette, Pao Rosa.
Powder for the face: Ladies in all climates Pink, Yellow, White.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney is making an extended tour through the United States, during the course of which he will visit the important centres of amateur sport. The results of his investigations will from time to time be sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Special articles on matters interesting to sportsmen will meanwhile be published in this Department.*

PONIES AND PONY-BREEDING.

WHAT IS A PONY?—HARNESS PONIES—AMERICAN PONIES.

PART I.

"THE late Sir Robert Peel did not ask a more difficult question when he invited the House of Commons to tell him 'what is a pound' than the man who, in a company of horsy men collected from the four points of the compass, inquires, 'what is a pony?'"

So wrote Sidney in his *Book of the Horse*, and the same uncertainty pervades all the literature of the subject. John Lawrence, an English writer of about a century ago, tells us, "A horse below 13 hands (four inches to the hand) is styled a PONEY; above that height, and below 14 hands, a GALLOWAY."

We find, however, in our day, that locality has much to do with determining the answer to the question. Thus, in Yorkshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire anything under 15.2 is called a pony. In Suffolk 13.3 is the limit; in Northamptonshire 14.2 is the extreme height; while in Devonshire and Somersetshire, the home, as we shall see, of the highest type of the old British ponies, anything above 12 hands was considered too large. Indeed, the moormen employed in Dartmoor to take care of the ponies were compelled to make it nearly their first duty to see that no stallion above 12 hands high should be allowed to range the moor, as none above that height was considered a true forester.

Snorer. Miss Sniff. Snorter II. Snorer II.

Georgina V. Roman Warrior. Snorter.

A GROUP OF MR. WILSON'S PONIES.

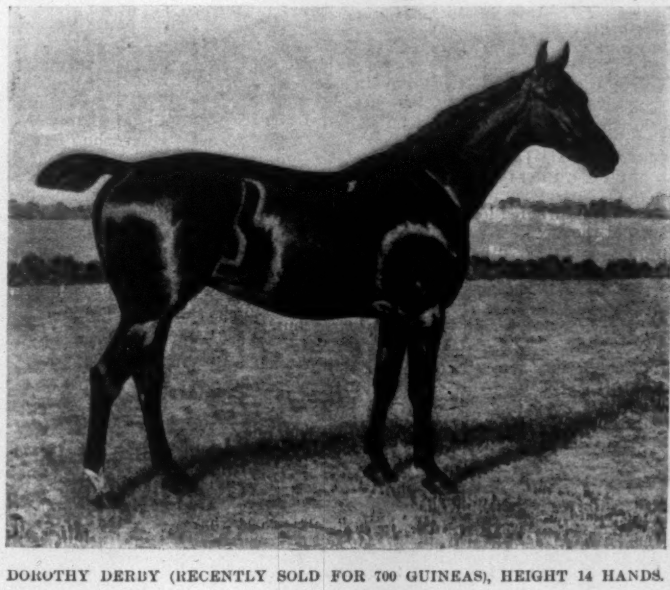
PAMPAS PONY—DON BUCEPHALUS.

In America 14.2 seems to have been agreed upon as the maximum height of a pony, that measurement governing the classifications in the great horse shows. The same height has been made the limit for admission to the English Polo Pony Stud-Book, though the rules of the game of polo set it 2 inches lower. Indeed, there has been grave talk of insisting on this rule of late, on account of the many serious accidents which have occurred through using larger animals in the game, its dangers increasing greatly as the size of the horses is enlarged. In India, the home of the game, 12 hands was the size of the ponies used. The increase to 14 hands was made when the more massive Englishmen took up playing polo.

Having so stated the whole case, it has seemed convenient, for the purposes of this discussion, to consider any horse of 14 hands 2 inches in height to be fairly in the pony classes. It is an undoubted fact, patent to the most casual observer, that a good pony is the most useful animal of the *genus equus*. The record of feats of patient endurance accomplished by ponies fills the pages of fiction, and is the pleasant remembrance of many a man of long experience.

The elder Day—father of William Day, the famous breeder and trainer of race-horses—with his friend Montgomery Dilby, when boys together, started one day, on ponies below 13 hands high, from Exeter, and rode through to Stockbridge, a distance of 107 miles. The start was made at 5 P.M., and they reached their destination at 7 A.M., riding all night. Their rate, therefore, was 8 miles an hour, including stoppages. The younger Day, in telling of this ride, says, "Few horses in that day were capable of recording such a feat, and not many now could accomplish it."

It is also matter of record that a 12-hand pony called Sir Teddy, raced the mail-coach from London to Exeter, and beat it 59 minutes. He had no weight to carry, being led between two other horses, renewed from stage to stage. The entire distance of 172 miles was covered in 23 hours 23 minutes, a rate of 7½ miles per hour, including stoppages. What but a pony could endure the strain put upon his mount by many a cowboy and Indian in the far West? Those who have hunted big game in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains are well aware that no animal but the sure-footed ponies to be found in the outfits of the guides could take them to the home of the elk, the "silver-tip," and the Rocky Mountain sheep.

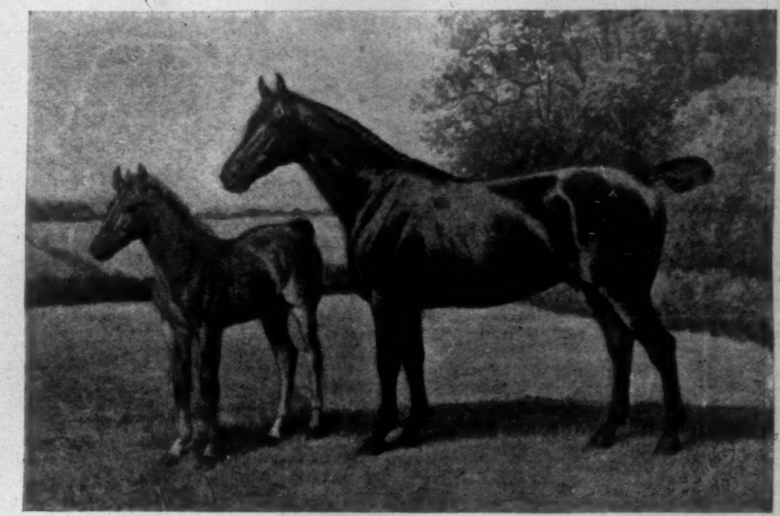


DOROTHY DERBY (RECENTLY SOLD FOR 700 GUINEAS), HEIGHT 14 HANDS.

The "pony express" kept open communication between the extremes of West and East in our country before the transcontinental railway was built. Back in the sixties the writer knew a stout little chestnut gelding of fourteen hands that carried his rider, the United States mail, and a heavy Texan saddle 125 miles over the mountains of Montana in twelve hours, without distress; and himself rode a little bay 90 miles in one day in the same country, finishing his journey, 30 miles further on to his destination, the next morning.

Indeed, there are well-authenticated accounts of performances by American ponies quite equalling the best recorded in England or elsewhere. In 1845 Mr. Samuel Lewis, of Delaware County, Pennsylvania, rode an Indian pony from Fort Laramie on Platte River to his home in Pennsylvania, a distance of over 1000 miles. From his start he carried blankets and fire-arms as far as Burlington, Iowa, about 700 miles, the weight of rider and equipment being 165 pounds. At that point he lightened the load, bringing it down to 135 pounds for the last 300 miles. The entire distance of over 1000 miles was covered in thirty-three days, an average of thirty-three miles a day.

Just before reaching the end of his journey an innkeeper on the road—at Lancaster, Pennsylvania—offered to bet Mr. Lewis his night's lodging and that of the pony that the latter weighed over 500 pounds. He lost. The pony weighed but 493 pounds. He was a dun, only 12 hands high. Mr. Lewis bought him from a Sioux Indian, but was told he was a Shawnee pony.



DOROTHY DERBY II. (RECENTLY SOLD FOR 900 GUINEAS), HEIGHT 14 HANDS, AND FOAL JULIUS CÆSAR, A CHESTNUT COLT, BY LITTLE WONDER.

A good pony can nearly always be depended upon to make himself useful, either under saddle or in harness. Nevertheless, if commonly used for one purpose more than another, the use intended should be taken into consideration when selecting or breeding.

Great attention has been given of late years to the breeding of ponies for harness purposes. Of all those who have made this branch of industry their specialty, the writer is fully convinced that no other has attained the successful issue to his undertakings reached by Mr. Christopher W. Wilson, of Rigmaden Park, Kirkby-Lonsdale, England. This gentleman, in a letter written in August, 1892, when he dispersed his stud, was able to say: "There were only two animals of my breeding shown at our Royal Show, and they both took first prize, and both were 16 years old. I may also say that only once for 27 years has any pony stallion won first prize at our Great Royal Show except my own breeding."

When these ponies came to be sold they brought enormous prices. Little Wonder II. commanded £400 ($2000), and certain others even higher prices. In three months Mr. Wilson sold sixteen ponies of his own breeding for £2600 ($13,000), and most of them were foals and yearlings, none more than two years old. Sir Humphrey F. de Trafford bought the choice of these famous ponies, among them the remarkable old mare Snorer. She was never beaten in the show-ring to the time of her death, in the autumn of 1894, at the age of nearly 20 years. Her daughter, Snorer 2d, seems capable of upholding the standard established by the old mare, winning first prizes wherever shown.

This wonderful family of ponies was built up from two very perfect animals, Sir George and The Pet. These Mr. Wilson did not hesitate to inbreed to a degree rivalling the methods used by the breeders of modern improved shorthorned cattle, the result being that they can be relied upon to breed true. His methods never having appeared in print, American breeders may perhaps profit by a study of Mr. Wilson's practice, as it will appear from the pedigrees of some of his ponies.

Thus, The Pet, being bred to Sir George, produced Snorer. Snorer, bred to her own sire, Sir George, produced Snorer 3d.

Again, Georgina, by Sir George, bred to Sir George (her own sire) produced Georgina 2d. Georgina 2d was bred to Sir George (her own sire and grandsire), and produced Georgina 5th.

Still one more. Little Wonder, son of Sir George, was bred to Snorer, daughter of Sir George, and produced Little Wonder 2d. Little Wonder 2d was bred to Georgina, daughter of Sir George, and produced Georgina 6th.

A list of seventeen animals, all equally inbred, shows eleven dark browns, six dark bays, none over 14 hands high, none under 13.2.

When we consider that the beauty and harness action of this wonderful family are beyond anything ever seen in England, and note how certainly they may be depended upon to reproduce the type with absolute uniformity, we may well listen to the words added by Mr. Wilson in the letter wherein he called attention to his pedigrees: "It is the only way to breed ponies to a type; only you must have perfect animals to start with; because if they have any peculiarity you are sure to fix it, and a bad point is easier to fix than a good one."

It may be doubted if we have in America any ponies that could be safely used as foundation for such an experiment as was carried to a successful issue by Mr. Wilson. Still, there are good native ponies on this western hemisphere, and it will perhaps prove not uninteresting to seek them out. There will occur to the reader the Chincoteague or beach ponies, the creoles, and the various families of Indian ponies, of which the Apaches are the best.

CHINCOTEAGUE PONIES.

The Chincoteague ponies derive their name from Chincoteague Island, one of a group lying off the coasts of

Maryland and Virginia in the Atlantic Ocean. Chincoteague lies nearest the mainland, and has given its name to the race of ponies, though Assoteague, farther out at sea, is larger and has more ponies. There are other and smaller islands in the group, and all are the homes of these ponies, that have lived upon them in a wild state since very early days. Some think the first animals were placed on the islands at the time when Sir Walter Raleigh made his second voyage from St. Domingo, whence he sailed June 7, 1585. It is recorded that he took with him "horses, mares, Kine bulls, goats, swine, and sheep," landing them on Core Beach June 24th. There they were left in care of the Indians of Harker's Island (Croatan), two miles distant from the inlet whence Manteo set off for England with the fleet.

The Indians of the mainland said that a vessel loaded with horses sailing to one of the Elizabethan settlements of Virginia was wrecked on one of the southern points of Chincoteague, the horses escaping to land. Left to themselves, they became wild, and through hardships degenerated in size, becoming the present race of ponies.

It is certain that they were present in great numbers when, in 1670, the island was granted by King James II. to one of his retainers, and first carefully surveyed.

In our day, when an islander is asked where the ponies came from, the invariable answer is, "From the sea." This is possibly a mere repetition of the tradition received from the Indians. That the ponies swim from island to island is doubtless capable of proof. Chincoteaguers will tell that sometimes, after years of absence on the mainland, they will break away from all restraint, travel straight to the sea, and swim several miles across the sound to rejoin their fellows feeding on the marshes and in the pine forests of their native islands.

The area of the islands is about 20,000 acres, and the individual owners are proprietors both of their portions of land and of the ponies that run on them. A small part only is under cultivation, the islanders are very unthrifty, and as late as 1845 there were but twenty-six houses on Chincoteague.

The ponies, as a rule, run out all the year, though some owners bring them into confinement in the winter, and supply them with sufficient food to save them from starving. Of those not thus provided for, some die of cold and starvation; others, through very weakness, stick fast in the marshes and perish. Once or twice a year there is a grand round-up, when the young are branded. These occasions are great holidays, and many visitors come from the mainland to see the fun and to buy ponies.

A number of years ago an ill advised proprietor loosened a draught stallion on Chincoteague. The descendants of this brute are easily distinguished by their big heads and hairy legs. Other than these all the ponies on Chincoteague are pure, and there are none but the old breed on Assoteague and the other islands.

These ponies are very uniform in height, being almost exactly 13 hands. The influence of free intercourse in breeding is also seen in their great uniformity of conformation, showing that the same influences have been applied for many generations. Strangely enough, this uniformity does not extend to their coloring. One sees every variety of coats on the islands—gray, brown, chestnut-sorrel, being in about equal numbers. Their legs are clean and free from long hair. Their fore legs are very straight; their hind legs rather more than ordinarily bent at the hocks. There is also the inclination, seen among nearly all ill-cared-for horses, to be "cat-hammed."

After noting these characteristics it must be remarked that no race of horses is freer from curbs, spavins, or other unsoundness, and that they stay sound when put at work. An unsound one is rarely seen. Their heads are fine, with faces full of gentleness and intelligence, somewhat dished like those of Arabs; eyes full and well apart; nostrils thin and distended. Their necks are straight, neither ewe-necked nor having perceptible crests, and when bitted and ridden they carry their heads high and gayly. They are compact, close-ribbed, short coupled, and of excellent constitutions. Their gait is very pure; they are persistent and fast natural trotters, with no tendency to amble or pace. Even when hurried they hardly ever break their trot. Their stride is not long, but rapid and true, no straddling, no paddling of front legs, no forging or interfering anywhere. Their limbs and feet stand work excellently, and remarkable stories are told of their endurance and longevity on the peninsula between Delaware and Chesapeake bays, where many of them are used.

CREOLES.

The creole ponies, one needs hardly be told, are natives of Louisiana. Some of these sturdy little animals are of very high-bred appearance, looking almost like pocket editions of thoroughbred race-horses.

Notwithstanding this evident high breeding, "the creole is the gentlest pony I have ever seen, next to the Shetland," is the testimony of the late Major Campbell Brown, of Tennessee, one of the brightest and most cultivated of American country gentlemen.

Major Brown made a careful study of the question, and was an enthusiastic pony-breeder. He chose the creole as possessing more desirable qualities for grafting on Welsh and Shetland stock than any other American pony, the question of temper being what finally determined his choice. "A pony that is not docile and reliable is of little worth for any of the purposes for which ponies are most used," wrote Major Brown.

The creole pony is not only well-appearing and docile, he is possessed of great courage. Parton, in his *Life of Andrew Jackson*, tells of General Pakenham, his horse having been killed in the battle of New Orleans, and the general's arm shattered by a bullet, mounting the creole pony of his aide, Captain McDougal, and riding into the thick of the fight, where both pony and rider were killed.

The spirit, docility, and courage of these ponies certainly commend them to our attention. If they have a fault in conformation it may be looked for in a slight tendency to being flat-ribbed, and also an occasional raggedness of hips, perhaps due to careless breeding and hard treatment. They gallop well, are free roadsters, and, on the testimony of Major Campbell Brown, a creole "makes the best shooting pony I have ever seen." They differ from Chincoteague ponies in one respect, being given to ambling in their slower paces, and, like all saddle animals having this characteristic, are very fast at a walk. Of those scattered at the dispersion of Major Brown's stud, in 1894, nearly all were dark bay or brown, varying in height from 12½ to 13¼ hands, and in weight from 600 to 750 pounds. In 1892 he wrote of his experiment: "The Welsh-creole cross makes, to my fancy, the handsomest and most serviceable ponies I have ever seen for ladies' phaetons and for children to ride and drive. They are docile and easily managed, and make absolutely safe ponies for either purpose."

INDIAN PONIES.

The Indian pony seems to be the only member of the pony family indigenous to the United States, other than the ponies already mentioned. As "mustang" or "bronco" his name at least is familiar even in those parts of the country remote from his Western home, while his powers of endurance and energy are recognized wherever he has been tried.

The sturdy little brutes have existed in a feral state for generations on the great plains of the West and South of our country, though it is certain that their beginning does not antedate the advent of the Spanish conquerors of the New World. Prescott, in speaking of the great victory by the forces of Cortez at the hill of Tzompach, having mentioned the advantage they had by possessing fire-arms, says: "To all this must be added the effect produced by the cavalry. The nations of Anahuac had no large domesticated animals, and were unacquainted with any beast of burden. Their imaginations were bewildered when they beheld the strange apparition of the horse and his rider moving in unison and obedient to one impulse, as if possessed of a common nature; and as they saw the terrible animal, with 'his neck clothed in thunder,' bearing down their squadrons and trampling them in the dust, no wonder they should have regarded him with the mysterious terror felt for a supernatural being." Prescott likens the panic which ensued to that which seized the Roman legions when Pyrrhus first came against them with troops mounted on elephants.

Lew. Wallace, in *The Fair God*, has made this feature of the Mexican conquest a most effective incident by relating the heroism of Guatemozin, nephew and successor of Montezuma, who overcame his own superstitious terror to the extent of killing and bringing in the dead body of one of the Spanish horses, that he might prove to his followers that even the much-dreaded animals were possessed of no charmed life.

Attention is called to these facts that we may feel certain that horses have not existed in America for more than 400 years.

It is capable of proof that the horses which Columbus brought over on his second voyage, in 1493, never reached the mainland. The forty-two head brought by Cabeza de Vaca in 1527 were more fortunate, but these all perished shortly, most of them meeting violent deaths. It is believed that the progenitors of the bands of wild horses in the South and Southwestern States were the animals abandoned by De Soto when that adventurer started down the mighty Mississippi, in which great river he found a watery grave. They could hardly have been descended from the horses emancipated by the Spanish troops at Buenos Ayres in 1537, since these could never have penetrated the swamps and forests of the Isthmus of Panama and Central America.

The distinctive features of Spanish horses, which, in turn, were of Eastern origin, have always been observable in the Indian ponies of North America, some having beautiful heads, fine limbs, and even the variegated colorings of the Andalusian horse. When white men first penetrated the far West the Indians of the northern belt of States had no ponies. Only the Apaches, Comanches, and other tribes in the South were horsemen; the Sioux, Crows, Blackfeet, and representatives of the Five Nations went afoot. It is only within the present century that the Indians of the North have been horsemen.

There seems also to be a difference in the type of animal in the South from that which we find in the North. Indeed, some acute judges have even claimed that the Apache ponies of the Indian Territory, with those of Arizona and Mexico, may almost be considered a distinct and superior breed. Many of them are certainly of very high-bred appearance, almost showing the high quarter and lofty tail typical of Arabian blood. So marked is this feature that the Apache ponies, perhaps more than any other race, unless it be the Exmoors, come the nearest to the Arab in appearance. They are nearly all of solid colors, and it would seem that if we have any American ponies that are hopeful subjects for careful selection and inbreeding they might be looked for in this family.

SOUTH AMERICAN PONIES.

The pampas ponies of the Rio de la Plata, and the great plains of Uruguay and Argentina are very interesting. They are doubtless descended from the Spanish horses abandoned at Buenos Ayres, as noted above. Many are not more than 12 hands high, but they are powerful beyond belief, capable even of carrying a 200-pound rider unheard-of distances. They are fast walkers, strong at a gallop, and their intermediate gait is a running walk or single foot.

A French scientist, M. Roulin, made a careful study of these ponies some years since, and his observations were called to the attention of the Académie des Sciences by M. Geoffroy St.-Hilaire. He said that M. Roulin "noticed that horses [ponies] bred on the grazing farms on the table-land of the Cordillera are carefully taught a peculiar pace, which is a sort of running amble. This is not their natural mode of progression, but they are inured to it very early, and the greatest pains are taken to prevent them from moving in any other gait; in this way the acquired habit becomes a second nature. It happens occasionally that such horses, becoming lame, are no longer fit for use; it is then customary to let them loose, if they happen to be well-grown stallions, into the pasture-grounds. It is constantly observed that these horses become the sires of a race to which the ambling pace is natural, and requires no teaching. The fact is so well known that such colts have received a particular name—they are termed 'aguilillas.'"

SPENCER BORDEN.

MODERATION.

THOUGH a burnt child dreads the fire,
'Tis a question of degrees;
You will find he's no desire
On that account to freeze.

H. G. P.

A FABLE FOR SIMPLETONS.

THERE was once a Simpleton of an inquiring mind, who spent much of his time upon the streets and highways in the desultory pursuit of knowledge. And it chanced that, of an afternoon, he was attracted by the refreshing odors that were wafted from a certain bakery; but inasmuch as he had no money in his purse he was fain to content himself with gazing in the window, where were displayed a gallant array of pastries and cakes. And as his sight sharpened the appetite his scent had awakened, he waxed indignant, and said within himself: "There be many people in this land who are suffering for the want of bread. How can bread be otherwise than scarce and the people hungry when this impious Baker wastes his precious flour in compounding sweets that produce only sickness and discomfort in those who indulge in them?" Thereupon he entered the shop, and calling for the Baker, addressed him in the foregoing words.

Now the Baker set for a philosopher, so, sitting down upon a stool, he answered in this wise:

"My simple friend, while my inclinations are all towards philanthropy, my necessities drive me to business and to selling my wares only to the well-to-do, who have money in hand, or whose credit has been approved by experience. These my customers will consume so many loaves a day, and though I should bake twice as many, yet would they buy never a loaf the more. But when they have satisfied themselves with bread, they bethink them to tickle their palates with cakes and pies; and I, being well aware of their desires, willingly minister to their pleasure and greatly increase my profits thereby."

"But," said the Simpleton, "would it not be as much to your profit and far more to your good repute that you should bake loaves to sell to the needy, instead of cakes for those who have already enough of plain food?"

"My simple and inquiring friend," rejoined the Baker, "the needy lack bread because they have not the money to buy withal, and though I should bake thrice as many loaves, they would have no more pennies, and I cannot sell my wares to those who cannot pay me therefor."

Thereupon a customer came in, and the Simpleton went his way, marvelling at the sagacity of the Baker, and the difference between bread and cakes as articles of merchandise. But as he went he was moved to reflect that they were strangely similar in this: that the Baker was not inclined to give either to them that had no money to buy.

In the next year the country of the Simpleton was visited with a grievous drought that burned up the crops of grain and the pastures for the cattle, so that great numbers of them died. And in the year following there came a great flood, which both washed away and destroyed the harvest fields and drowned many of its unfortunate inhabitants, insomuch that great multitudes of people from foreign parts were brought thither to take the places, in field and workshop, of those who had perished untimely.

But the memory of these calamities did not long abide with the Simpleton, whose mind was shallow and bent on other things. And on another afternoon, as he was sauntering down a country lane in search of the magic four-leaf clover, it chanced that his glance rested on a certain small coin lying by the road-side. This he picked up, and instead of asking himself who might be its owner and how it could best be restored to him, he was straightway reminded of the philosophic Baker, and of the sweets he had been unable to taste for lack of money. He thereupon turned about in haste and retraced his steps, considering how he might spend the coin he had found with most pleasure to himself, and he presently stood before the Baker's window. But on looking in he beheld a great quantity of small loaves only, and never a cake or a pie. He therefore said to himself: "I perceive that the philosophic Baker has passed away, or else he has retired from business by reason of the great gain that his wisdom has brought him, and here is one who does not know how to profit himself by the vain desires of them that have already enough, but seeks to deal with advantage with the needy only. I will go in and instruct him in the philosophy of supply and demand, and the folly of selling on credit to those who have naught."

But when he entered he discovered, to his amazement, that the same Baker was the owner of the shop, and he began to upbraid him for his folly, and his failure to abide by the results of his own wisdom. When he had made an end of this, by reason of his being out of breath, the Baker, smiling benevolently and in a manner of superior knowledge, addressed him thus:

"My simple friend, the calamities with which Nature has so lately visited us—as to which I may even say that this unfortunate land has been brought through fire and water—have occasioned a great scarcity of grain; insomuch that those who aforetime kept barrels of flour in store, and wasted them lavishly in superfluous delicacies, are now brought to the necessity of buying their bread as they need it, and of consuming even the crumbs thereof with care. Also, there have come to us a great number of thrifty folk of the poorer sort, who are compelled to buy their bread daily, until such time as more bountiful harvests may repair the losses we have suffered and enable them to store up a little food beyond their daily needs. By reason of these things the number of those who come hither to buy bread is so much increased that the price of the loaves seems in some strange way to have increased in the like proportion. And it has come to pass that I can now devote all my labor and apply all my materials to the making of bread alone; and yet with less labor and expense I reap a profit as great as ever I did before. For bread is the staff of life, my son, and the people must needs buy, though they be thereby compelled to abstain from cakes and pies."

Then the Simpleton turned and went his way, marvelling yet more at the sagacity of the philosophic Baker, who thus knew how to profit himself in spite of time and chance. And as he went the coin he had found burned in his pocket, and he reasoned thus within himself:

MORAL.

"If, as the silverites allege, there is not enough gold in the world to supply the need for monetary purposes, if the demand therefor has become an agonizing strain, and the value of gold has accordingly doubled, why is it that more than half the annual product of gold is made into jewelry and gewgaws, and the proportionate amount offered for coinage into money shows no sign of increasing?"

B. TRAPNELL.

"PONY TRACKS."—WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—8vo, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $3 00.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

TEUTONIC

CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT & HOPS

FOR CONVALESCENTS, NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPEPSIA, ETC. AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

RECOMMENDED & PRESCRIBED BY ALL LEADING PHYSICIANS. A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD.

PREPARED BY S. LIEBMANN'S SONS BREWING CO. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Just Why

You should ride the Imperial:

There are other strong wheels; other light wheels; other swift wheels; other durable wheels; but no other wheel combines these good points as perfectly as the

"Imperial Wheels"

—The Go-lightly Kind

When riders are equal and it's simply a case of "wheel against wheel" the Imperial is the winner every time. The '96 Imperial is better than ever. Our Catalogue will convince you.

AMES & FROST COMPANY, Chicago

B&H LAMPS

AS EASY TO LIGHT AS GAS.
Sold by Leading Dealers everywhere. Made by
BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO.,
MERIDEN, CONN.
New York. Boston. Chicago. Philadelphia.
Our Little Book Free.
BRILLIANT LIGHT. DOUBLE CENTRE DRAUGHT.

No. 4711 Essence of Rhine ✶ Violets

(Name Registered.)

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

If you want a real Violet Perfume, be sure you get **"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"**. It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower. Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U.S. Agents.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THUS *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

We Make Pants to measure only

$4 per pair. None higher. None lower.

WE PREPAY EXPRESSAGE

Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

By this we mean that if pants are not satisfactory, we will refund money paid, with no dispute. Samples, measurement instructions and tape measure sent on request.

FAULTLESS CUSTOM PANTS CO.,
266-268 Wabash Ave., Dept. G Chicago.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)

THE HUMAN HAIR

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

HARPER'S thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents. **CATALOGUE**

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

FOR H. I. M. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

"Her Majesty, Empress Marie Feodorowna, finding great benefit from the use of your tonic-wine, requests 50 bottles Vin Mariani sent immediately, addressed to her Majesty the Empress." Anitchkoff Palace, St. Petersburg, Russia.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.

Waverley BICYCLES

ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCED RIDERS,

Those who have learned to know the difference between a wheel that actually is high grade, and one that is simply claimed to be. Others may be good, but the Waverley is the **Highest of all High Grades.**

REWARD of a new Waverley Scorcher is offered to each person who recovers a stolen '96 Waverley during 1896, payable upon presentation to us of satisfactory proof of the facts and the sentence of the thief. This reward is open to every one excepting the owner of the stolen wheel, but is not payable to more than one person in any case.

ART CATALOGUE FREE BY MAIL. INDIANA BICYCLE CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CRESCENT 1896 BICYCLES

ARE "Sky high"

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS | BUILDERS. CHICAGO.—NEW YORK. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Save 1/3 of Your FEED BILL

by using this box. The only practical SLOW FEEDER made. It absolutely prevents waste from slobbering or tossing the feed out of the box. Galvanized steel—weighs $9\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. **Don't cost much.** See your harness or hardware dealer or send for booklet to

National Feed Box Co., Detroit, Mich.
54 McGraw Building.
Agents Wanted Everywhere.

PATENTED.

Don't you hear dem bells
Dey's ringin' ev'rywhere

THE NEW DEPARTURE BELLS... Are the standard of excellence the world over. Made in 16 different styles and prices. Send postal for booklet to The New Departure Bell Co., Bristol, Conn., U.S.A.

THE GENUINE HENRY'S MAGNESIA.

The best of all. Popular in England for more than one hundred years past as an invaluable household medicine. Sour Stomach (particularly in infants), Flatulence, Constipation, Biliousness, and Heartburn relieved at once. Especially beneficial to the Gouty. Obtainable of Druggists. To avoid counterfeits, see that the label bears the name of SCHIEFFELIN & Co. as Wholesale Agents for the United States.

THE MONEY WE NEED

A Short Primer on Money and Currency. By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON. With Illustrations. 16mo, Paper, 50 cents.

The clearest and most readable book upon the money question that we have seen.—*N. Y. Sun.*

No better presentation has ever been made of the objections to bimetallism, and its strength is in its fairness, accuracy, and judicial tone.—*N. Y. World.*

One of the clearest pieces of writing we have seen on the currency question. . . . Numerous charts illustrate the text, which is written with scholarly seriousness and practical common-sense.—*Literary World*, Boston.

A vigorous and straightforward argument for sound money.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A most interesting, instructive, and timely book. . . . Clearly and forcibly written, and should be carefully studied by all business and professional men.—*N. Y. Press.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE.
TOILET POWDER — CH. FAY, Inventor
9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY.

GOUT?

For Sale by Druggists. PAMPHLET FREE.
LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S **PIPERAZIN WATER**

RECOMMENDED FOR Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles. WILL CURE IT.

The Eclipse

can't be eclipsed on road or track, they are made right, and

STAND THE TEST.

New Factory. New Machinery. New Ideas, and the good old ones.

Highest Grade

A handsome illustrated catalogue showing some marvelous tests of our wheels, for the asking. *Ask Us Now.*

Eclipse Cycle Co., P.O. Drawer I, Elmira, N.Y.

There are monarchs, there are monarchs,
Men of every clime and hue,
From the Czar of all the Russias
To the Prince of Timbuctoo:
Monarchs good and monarchs famous,
Monarchs short and monarchs tall;
But the *best* is *our* Monarch—
It's the Monarch of them all.

Monarch

King of Bicycles—A Marvel of Strength, Speed and Reliability.

4 models. $80 and $100, fully guaranteed. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the *Defiance* is made in 8 models, $40 to $75. Send for Monarch book.

MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO., Lake, Halsted and Fulton Sts., CHICAGO. 83 Reade Street, New York.

Erie Bicycles

Have Won Popularity.

Erie Bicycles

Scientific Model.

Erie Bicycles $75

Absolutely Guaranteed.

Erie Bicycles

Send for Catalogue.

QUEEN CITY CYCLE CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

PHOENIX BICYCLES

8TH YEAR. They stand the racket

High-Grade In Name and Reality

WE CATER TO THE CRITICAL and guarantee EVERY WHEEL. SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Stover Bicycle Mfg. Co. Freeport, Ill.

EASTERN BRANCH, 575 MADISON AV., NEW YORK N.Y.
WESTERN BRANCH, 1510 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Beecham's pills for constipation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.